The Observer and Gazette.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1886.

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Dandelion.

A dandelion in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew—
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes to wait
Until the long, dark night should pass away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I passed beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes and said—
"I know the sun is somewhere shining clear;
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun, right here."

—*Willis Boyd Allen.*

Rebuke.

The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said,
But of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The earth is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain:

Rippled the song of a bird ashore,
That sang in a dream in a budding wood;
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
Of a wee brown nest where the leaves peep.

The world is false, though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said,
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
The lisp of a childish prayer.

—*Overland Monthly.*

The Jessamine.

'Twas only a sprig of white jessamine,
That came in a letter she wrote;
But I value it more than the costliest vine,
Whose tendrils o'er marble carved trellis-work twine:
'Twas worn at my darling one's throat.

A throat that encaged the nightingale's trill,
And sweetened each silvery note;
And I think, as I hear in a rapturous trill,
Her voice, whose volumes the heavens fill,
That the angels have lent her a throat.

More sweet than exotics that fashion's dupes wear,
As through the gay ball-room they float;
In the leaves of my Bible I laid it with care,
More sacredly dear than a buried friend's hair,
Since worn at my darling one's throat.

—*E. W. Fuller.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

Litchfield, Conn., had a $200,000 fire last Friday.

The President and his bride are back in Washington.

Thos. Seay has been nominated for Governor of Alabama.

The British ministry have unanimously resolved to appeal to the country.

Mr. Gladstone has announced the dissolution of the English Parliament.

The International Typographical Union was in session last week at Pittsburg, Pa.

The cases of the indicted Chicago Anarchists have been set for trial on June 21.

The Maine Republican State Convention has nominated J. R. Bodwell for Governor.

The total net receipts of cotton at all ports from Sept. 1, 1885, to June 11, are 5,218,175 bales.

The Shoe and Leather Association of Massachusetts have agreed to prepare new lists of wages for employes.

A Spanish fishing vessel has been seized at Key West, Fla., and fined $400 for failing to enter the port according to law.

The French Assembly has introduced a bill to suppress the operations of betting and bookmaking on the race-courses in France.

Revenue officers in Cumberland county, Penn., on the 9th inst. captured three large distilleries and a crowd of "moonshiners."

A steamer from Hong Kong and Yokohama brings advices that famine prevails in Corea. Five hundred persons have been starved in Seoul.

The quarterly report of President Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, recommends that no dividends be paid for the current quarter.

Herbert Gladstone, in a speech at the opening of the Liberal Club at Rochester last week, predicted that the home rule bill would revive into vigorous life.

The lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath has adopted a bill abolishing right of trial by jury for two years in cases of persons under indictment for anarchy.

On the 9th inst. the night express train on the Georgia Central Railroad was wrecked 85 miles west of Savannah; the fireman was killed and the engineer badly wounded.

The civil marriage of Mme. Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini took place at Swansea, Wales, Wednesday, the ceremony being performed at the office of the French consulate.

Orangemen in Belfast, Ireland, are purchasing arms and declaring vengeance against the police; in the rioting six men and two women were killed, and the police were driven to their barracks.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the week ended Friday, the 11th inst., as reported to R. G. Dun & Co's. agency, number 180 for the United States and 29 for Canada—a total of 209, against 187 for the week before.

Last Saturday morning Sandy Hook, N. J., experienced three severe earthquake shocks, the second following the first closely, and the second coming a little later. The shocks were accompanied by a rumbling sound, and houses were shaken to their foundations.

P. D. Davis, master workman of the Knights of Labor Assembly at Pacific Mo., has been sentenced to two years in the State penitentiary and fined $500 in the Circuit Court of Franklin county at Union, Mo., for attempting to wreck the first freight train that left St. Louis during the strike on March 24, and shooting at the guards.

THE SHIP'S SCOURGE.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF A TERRIBLE CAT.

The Mysterious Stranger Who Cursed the Good Ship Gordon.

From the New York Sun.

"What I am going to tell you," said Captain Rockwell of the schooner *Fame*, "occurred about ten years ago on Lake Michigan. I was then in command of the schooner *Gordon*, and in the grain trade. One afternoon, just before we were ready to tow out of Chicago, a stranger came aboard with a big black cat in a rude cage and offered her for sale. I was born with a constitutional hatred of cats. On board of a grainer there are plenty of rats and mice, but I'd rather have the vermin running over me in my sleep than to keep a cat aboard, as many vessels do. Outside of the man. He was a rough looking fellow with a cock eye and two or three front teeth hanging out to windward, and if I'd have wanted some one to do a bit of dirty work I'd have picked this chap from among a thousand. I sent him off in a hurry, as you may guess, but as he reached the wharf he turned the cat loose and cried out:

"'My curses on the ship and crew forever!'

"The feline might have run into the elevator, but she didn't. She just scrambled right aboard of us, and in a whisk was out of sight down the main hatch. Some of the men looked a bit serious, and some treated the matter as a joke, and just before night we were towed out and had a fair wind to lay our course. The hatches were all battened down, of course, and nobody seemed to have given a thought to the cat while getting out of the harbor. It was as fine a June night as you ever saw, with a moon so bright that you could see a vessel a mile away, and a breeze to send us along at about five miles an hour.

"Well, we had made everything ship shape, and had supper, when the black cat was suddenly seen on the end of the jibboom. She was looking inboard at us, her hair on end and her eyes blazing. I brought up my revolver to have a shot at her, but just as I was about to pull trigger the cat yeowled out in a dismal manner, and down came the peak of the mainsail, the halyards showing as if they had been cut clean across with a sharp knife. They were new, stout ropes, and nobody could say they had been broken by any sudden strain. We had to reeve new ones, and when this job was finished I went forward to put a bullet into that cat's head. She set up a dismal yeowling, and as I pulled trigger down came the whole foresail, both throat and peak halyards having parted. I hoped I had killed the black witch, but when the smoke lifted we saw her in the same place, safe and sound. Every man aboard agreed that the halyards had been cut with a knife, and as the men passed them from hand to hand they began to mutter against me for trying to bring about a calamity by seeking the cat's life.

"By the time we had the foresail up again the cat had disappeared, going no one knows whither, and the weather had suddenly changed until the moon was overcast and the breeze was a third stronger. I never saw that craft steer as she did that night. She'd yaw and swing and go wild in spite of all the best sailor aboard could do. By the time we were off Waukegan there was a smart sea on and a nasty look all around. The wind gradually hauled into the northeast and we had to go in stays and make long boards dead to the east, and then make our gain on the other leg as we ran to the northwest. Every time ye went in stays the schooner acted like a balky colt, just barely keeping us out of irons, and the ugly cross sea banged her about until every thing groaned. We were about to go in stays for our board to the northwest, and one man went aloft to reef the topsails, when the *Gordon* slipped into a hollow, and rolled port and starboard like a stuck whale trying to get rid of a harpoon. There was a loud squall from the cat, which creature, it appears, was in the mainmast crosstrees, a terrible scream from the sailor, and as the *Gordon* rolled to starboard he was flung clear of her side by thirty feet and went down like a stone.

"By this time the crew were so worked up that nobody would turn in, and every man seemed to be momentarily expecting some new disaster. It came before midnight. The wind hauled dead to the north and grew stronger, and as we came about from a run to the northwest the *Gordon* missed her stays, was taken flat aback, and several calamities followed. Three or four seas boarded us and swept the decks, the foreboom jibed and crushed a sailor's skull, and jib and outer jib whipped loose, and went sailing away with the wind. We came within an ace of being dismasted, for the men cowered down in abject terror, and the mate and myself had the whole work on our hands. We finally got her head off, and zatched away for the Michigan shore, but before daylight she sprang a leak, and we made Grand Haven only by the skin of our teeth, with our cargo damaged more than three thousand dollars. From an hour past midnight to broad daylight that infernal cat kept up a steady walk between the two masts on the triantic stay, and now and then she would utter a yell which brought all our hair on end.

"Taken altogether, we suffered a loss of four thousand dollars and lost two lives, and it was all on account of that cock-eyed man and his black cat. No sooner had we got into port than everybody except the mate ran away, and the cat leaped to the dock with a farewell yeowl and took refuge in a pile of lumber. The story of our misfortune got noised around, and the *Gordon* had to be laid up for the rest of the season for want of men to work her."

The Ox Gored on the Other Side.

From the Boston Journal.

At the race fair, Thornhill, in Upper Nithsdale, England, a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but he would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from his last place, so he said:

"Run away and get it, and meet me at the cross at 4 o'clock."

The youth was up to time and the farmer said:

"Well, have you got your character with you?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I've got yours, and I'm not comin'."

During one week at Blandville, Ballard County, Ky., eleven mules were killed by buffalo gnats.

MONTE CARLO.

Tragedies at the Notorious Gambling Resort.

From the New York Sun.

"My impressions of Monte Carlo?" said Prof. Joseph Bauer. "I have but one—it is a dream. On entering, one is delighted, surprised, amazed and astounded *seriatim*. Flowers and music, coin and notes, despair and success, beauty, fashion, wealth—all combine to impress the beholder, and it is some time before he can begin to study systematically his surroundings. It is only when he emerges again into the cool air that one can appreciate his identity.

"Do not credit the recent denials of suicides at Monte Carlo," continued the Professor. "They are inspired. I have visited the gambling hall there fifteen times professionally, in addition to a number of trips made for my own pleasure. I was born in French Switzerland, 200 miles from Monte Carlo, and am familiar with its ghastly history during the past twelve years. You may take my word for it that the number of suicides caused directly by the Monte Carlo gaming tables averages at least one for every day in the year. The real total probably exceeds this estimate."

Prof. Bauer is one of the youngest, handsomest and most popular guides in central Europe. As so much has been written and so little accurately told concerning Monte Carlo, he was requested to describe the World's most famous gambling hell. He said:

"I have spent many months there altogether, and it was a rare day when no ruined and despairing man killed himself. On some days we had as high as three or four such casualties. If a stranger kills himself his body is dragged away, the blood cleansed from the floor, and the game goes on. I have heard players mutter curses at a corpse for having interrupted their 'series' or confused their 'system.' If the victim be a stranger, nobody knows what becomes of the body, except some of the special police, whose duty it is to conduct such funerals in their own mysterious way. If the ruined player goes into the grounds before shooting or stabbing himself, or drowns himself in one of the beautiful fountains, even the player who sat beside him a moment before never learns of his death. These things are known to the *habitues* of the tables, but they never speak of them outside. The newspapers of Monaco of Paris, Lyons and Marseilles pay no attention to such trifles. Letters to the editors on this forbidden subject are quickly thrown into the great international waste basket. With a large and well-trained police force constantly on hand, with an indifferent set of patrons, and a willfully blind press, these little episodes are much more easily screened than you would imagine. If the suicide be a powerful noble or a celebrity in any way, the affair is mentioned briefly in the French and English newspapers, and the announcement cabled to this country. Everybody knows why the man made away with himself, and the only question is: 'Who will be next?'

"It is almost impossible to prevent these self-murders, as the act is usually committed under sudden powerful impulse. Everybody's mind and eyes are, of course, intent on the game, and so many haggard men get up from the tables that the sight is too common to engage the attention of the ever-present detectives. It is but just, however, to say that the managers do everything in their power to prevent suicides except closing their doors. Mechanics and artisans are not permitted to live either in Monaco or Monte Carlo.

"If an unfortunate player gets up from a table and acts wildly—'crazy,' they call it, for all suicides are by courtesy esteemed crazy at Monte Carlo—he is hustled off by a couple of stalwart policemen and put on a train for Nice. A guard is constantly with him, his board bill at Nice is paid by the company, and, if he finally talks reasonably, he is given enough money to take him home in first-class style. The management also endeavor to discourage dying on the premises by aiding destitute gamblers. If one has lost heavily, and frankly states his condition of temporary poverty, his case will be promptly investigated. Should it be found as narrated, he will be given two or three hundred dollars to take him home, or an order for two weeks' board at one of the company's first-class hotels."

The Story of a Princess.

From the New York Home Journal.

Karoline Bauer tells the story of the Princess Natalie Kurakin. She was a captivating beauty, with the temper of a fiend, and became the most admired and feared woman at the court of the Emperor Alexander. Her husband idolized her and unfortunately allowed her complete control over himself. To indulge her love for pleasure and luxury he went beyond his means, and then sold one estate after another. Once, when he handed her a little packet of bank-notes he had won, as a sort of peace offering, Natalie seized them and threw them into the fire, to cure the General, as she said, of club-gaming and late hours. Another night, when she was adorned in full splendor for a court-ball, the General kept her waiting. At last he came, greatly excited, with a red face and flashing eyes. She supposed the excitement was caused by wine, and told him so, in vehement words. "No, dear darling," he protested, "I had the most important business to attend to, concerning yourself and our Alexander. Look at these rouble notes. You will not throw them into the fire." "I will, though!" she exclaimed. And as she spoke she snatched them from his hands and threw them into the flames. He shrieked in despair, and rushed forward to save them—too late! There was seen a bright blaze, and—"Natalie," he said, in a hollow voice, "you have just destroyed our whole fortune—sixty thousand pounds. I hope, if I should not return alive from the Caucasus, that you may never have a better repentance. To-day I received orders from the Emperor's own lips to join the army in the Caucasus to-morrow. In order to secure your and our child's future, I today sold our last estate to the crown, and everything now is ashes, ashes!" Gen. Kurakin was killed in one of his first engagements in the Caucasus, and Natalie became the most heartless of widows.

Rev. Dr. Sunderland received a fee of $100 for performing the President's marriage ceremony. It was a brand new bill which had never, apparently, been in circulation and immediately after the President's departure was presented to Mrs. Sunderland by the doctor. Mrs. Sunderland will keep it as a memento of the occasion.

THE TAR HEELS.

BILL ARP LIKES NORTH CAROLINA.

The Georgia Humorist on the Mountains of the West and the Sea-Shore of the East.

Correspondence of Atlanta Constitution.

Pride of place and pride of people. I love to hear these tar heels boast of what they have got and what they have had. Every town I visit has something special—something that the other towns have not got. I don't know how many claim to be the great tobacco centre of the State, Durham and Henderson and Oxford and Warrenton all claim the champion belt. I don't know how many more that I have not visited. Oxford claims to have a soil that produces the finest leaf in the world, and I was shown a memorandum of a tenacre crop of last year that realized a net profit of $3,125. It was not the quantity but the quality that made the money. One town claims that Nathaniel Macon lived there, and they will tell you many traditions of that very good man, that man who never made a speech in Congress, but it is said controlled legislation for twenty-five years—controlled it by his splendid, well-balanced judgment and the power of his will. They will tell you how he lived in a storm-proof house that had sills sixteen inches square, and corner posts nearly as large, and plates and girders and braces and studding, all pinned and draw-bound, and how he weather-boarded the inside just like he did the outside, except he bedgun at the top of the room and boarded downwards so as to have the lap show at the top of the plank instead of the bottom, and this was done so as to give a fair chance to pour hot water into the cracks and kill the chinches.

Another town will boast of Badger or Mangum or Ransom or Vance, and I found the good people of Louisburg justly proud of Joe Davis, the lawyer and statesman, whom everybody loves and loves to honor. In some places they say "we have got the finest school and the best teachers in the State," and all declare they have got the prettiest women in the world, which I always indorse—for it does seem to me that the last I see are the prettiest always. I thought for awhile that I would never get reconciled to these new convexities they are wearing on their backs, but now I am content and acquiesce in anything that has a woman in it.

It is an admirable trait in any people to stand up for their own. It begets contentment, and contentment is a blessed thing in this life. I think that North Carolina is contented and has good reason to be. I like North Carolina. It may be that my regard is something like that which Aleck Stephens had for his dirty, mangy little dog. He said he loved the dog because the dog loved him, and that is reason enough. Bill Ramey talks with gush and unction about his fine horse, and will tell you of all his admirable qualities, and will stroke his mane and rub his face and comb down his beautiful hips with quite a fondling affection; but just as soon as he sells him and gets another, the last is the best. He has bought and sold a thousand horses, and the last is the best. That is evolution for you; practical, speedy evolution, and it is right. I wish everybody felt that way about their property, their home, their children, their neighbors, their preacher. It is a happy disposition.

I saw a one-legged man hoeing corn yesterday, and I said to my companion, "There is an old Confederate—poor fellow! If he had fought on the other side he would be drawing a good pension. He fought for patriotism—for true love of country, and gets nothing, while thousands of them fellers up North fought for money only and are drawing pensions, and we have to help pay them."

"That man," said my friend, "is drawing a pension—a small one, but it helps him. Our State pensions her crippled and maimed soldiers, and this county adds a small amount to it, so our soldiers are not forgotten or neglected." Why does not old Georgia do that? I tell you, these Carolinians are game. They have got an orphan asylum at Oxford that is an honor to her people. Over 100 children are there. I saw them swinging and romping in a beautiful grove during their recess, and I thought what a good mother this great State is to her children. The asylum is not altogether supported by the State, but contributions come from many sources, and there is no lack of funds to sustain it. What a feeling of comfort it must be to a poor widow upon her last bed to know that her little children will be cared for when she is gone—cared for not by the uncertain charity of strangers, but by the State that loves her and will continue to love her children.

I have been on Albemarle Sound and seen the fisheries and long nets and the shad and the big sturgeons that weighed from 150 to 200 pounds and they sold for a dollar apiece. I have been in the good old town of Elizabeth City, on the eastern coast, and two years ago I was in Asheville on the western extreme—the two over 500 miles apart. It is a long State and has a pleasant variety of climate and soil and scenery and products. It used to be dismembered by its mountains, but it is not now. I have seen the Governor with his noble, classic face and the judges of the Supreme Court and many of the circuit courts, and I have seen the farmers in their homes and shared their generous welcome, and I can truly say I have never mingled with a better people.

The Bell of Justice.

From the Odd Fellows' Talisman.

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower of one of the public squares, and called it the "bell of justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. And when, in course of time, the lower end of the bell rope rotted away a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and by its owner and turned out to die wandered into the tower and trying to eat the vine rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city coming to see who had rang the bell, found this old and starving horse, and caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had long toiled and had been worn out, to be summoned before him and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

A WAR ROMANCE.

The Story of the Rapid Rise of Congressman Goff, of West Virginia.

Down in West Virginia an old man with a singular history has recently died. He was what may be called the head of a powerful family that dwells down in what is known as the "Blue Grass region of the Mountain State." Uncle Nathan Goff was a hero and stood by the Union when it was mighty hard work to hold on. He was rich for his section, and nine-tenths of the men in his position were secessionists. Yet he remained steadfast, and his son went into the Union army. I saw the boy, now grown to man's estate, on Broadway only a few days since. He is a member of Congress and was for a short time Secretary of the Navy with Mr. Hayes. But it is not his political career or his wealth that the death of "Uncle Nathan" Goff now recalls.

Of course this taking-off adds a half million or more to his already large fortune and makes him one of the wealthiest men in West Virginia. There is a romance in his life more interesting than all this. He went into the army before he was twenty, and in a fight in Hardy county, in his native State, was captured and sent a prisoner to Richmond. Very soon after his imprisonment Maj. Armsby, who was a Confederate and lived in the adjoining county to that in which his parents dwelt, was arrested as a spy. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The fact being transmitted to the Confederate government, they threw young Nathan Goff into prison and notified him that his life would be taken when Maj. Armsby was executed. The same pleasing intelligence was sent to the government at Washington and to his rich and powerful relatives.

For several months this young man lay in prison, in the shadow of death. Delay became monotonous. His influential relatives in the North sought to save his life by saving that of the Confederate spy. While they were moving in his behalf the youthful Federal soldier wrote a letter, which is now on file in the War Department, in which he demanded that the government should not hesitate in its duty to the spy on account of any sympathy for him. "A government has no right to sacrifice a principle even to save the life of an innocent citizen," he wrote. It was a manly letter, and no doubt induced Stanton to agree to receive young Goff for the Confederate who had been convicted and sentenced to death.

At last the exchange was made and they returned to their commands. A year later the Confederate was recaptured and brought as a prisoner of war into the town where the Federal soldier lived who had been held as a hostage for him. When this fact was discovered the people were incensed and a mob prepared to lynch the captured soldier. Twenty-six miles away the man who was linked to him by such peculiar circumstances was commanding his regiment. As they were dragging the prisoner through the streets to a convenient place of execution the Federal officer arrived on a visit to his family. He inquired the cause of the commotion and it was told him. He pushed his way through the excited crowd and, laying his hand on the head of the Confederate, said: "Let no friend of mine lay violent hands upon this man. He did a soldier's duty and is entitled to the protection that a soldier will give him."

Thus his life was saved by the very man who had suffered so much that he might live. The war closed and both men went back to their homes and now reside in adjoining counties. This episode made young Nathan Goff a brigadier general before he was 22 years of age and paved the way for higher advancement. He was the youngest Cabinet officer, except Alexander Hamilton, in our history. He is almost like a boy yet, despite the mighty events of which he has been a part.

David Davis's Fortune.

From the New York World.

David Davis, who is reported to be dying at his home in Bloomington, is worth nearly $4,000,000. He has lived in Washington for nearly twenty years. He went there soon after Abraham Lincoln's election, and was one of Mr. Lincoln's first appointments to the Supreme Court. He held very close and confidential relations with Lincoln during the war. There will be found among the Judge's private papers much interesting historical material bearing upon that period. Mr. Davis has never been a speculator. He has made his money by investments in real estate. He has had great confidence in the rapid advancement of this country, and through his investments has become very rich. His largest property interests are in Chicago. The Judge was born in Maryland. He studied law in the now fashionable town of Lenox, Mass. He lived at that time in Stockbridge, Mass., and was an associate of the four Field brothers, who afterwards reached such prominent positions. Mr. Davis's rule for securing a competency is one that is followed by many public men. Some of the most substantial fortunes in Washington have been built up through the advancement of real estate in that city during the last twenty years. Ex-Senator Yulee made the bulk of his fortune in that way. He bought large tracts of land in the northwestern part of the city before the system of improvements was begun, and now it has made him very rich. Land in the neighborhood of Dupont Circle ten years ago was worth fifteen or twenty cents a square foot. It now sells in the neighborhood of $4 or $5 a foot. The advance in values has been equally remarkable in other parts of the city.

The Lion Tarone.

From the St. James' London Gazette.

Few of our contemporaries made any special reference to the throne upon which her Majesty was seated at the opening of the Colonial exhibition. As a matter of fact, it was none other than the royal seat of the Lion of Punjaub, Runjeet Singh himself, the chief of the trophies sent home from Lahore after the glorious campaign on the Five Rivers. That some of the morning papers spoke of it as a chair may be due to the fact that a cushioned lining, specially molded upon one of the royal chairs at Buckingham Palace, had been fitted into the famous throne. It was a curious coincidence that at almost the same moment the so-called "heir" to the Sikh sovereignty should have been selling sympathy of his compatriots in the Punjaub, while here in London the Empress of India should have been seated upon the veritable lion throne of that once potent nation.

THE BARD OF THE SOUTH.

PAUL HAYNE AT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A Charming Walk on a Charming Day to the Home of a Southern Poet.

Correspondence of Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was a charming walk on a charming day. After sauntering for a mile, in hopeful expectancy, along a winding railroad, then through by-paths and woody thickets, I—in company with a party of friends—succeeded in the attainment of a long-cherished desire, that of visiting the Southern bard at his own home. Copse Hill is the suitable appellation of Paul Hayne's sylvan retreat, and is located at Forest, a station on the Georgia Railroad, about sixteen miles from Augusta. A modest dwelling it is, perched on a slight acclivity. But there is a restful quality about it; an air of quiet repose, which more pretentious mansions often fail to possess. Encircled by a spacious garden filled with verdant shrubbery and blooming flowers, it impresses one in its perfect simplicity as an ideal home for a poet. Besides, Copse Hill has a pretty view, and there is a healthy tone about the place; while in that low murmur, echoed from the swaying pines beyond, Mr. Hayne has found inspiration for some of his sweetest songs. There is a cosy portico, too, in front, embowered by a luxuriant vine of clinging tendrils, which, after creeping all over the little piazza, twine their way upward to the slanting roof above.

It was in this snug entrance that we were met and cordially greeted by Mr. Hayne, who invited us to enter. This popular poet comes of old South Carolina revolutionary stock, and if there is such a thing as aristocratic blood in this country, he unquestionably has it in his veins. A spare man of medium size, with dark eyes and most refined, unostentatious manners, he has the aspect of a poet, with that far-away, dreamy look which seems to peer into the vast beyond. The room on the right is Mr. Hayne's study. It was here we were asked by our distinguished host. Apart from the interest with which it is necessarily invested from being the favorite haunt of a celebrated writer, it is intrinsically attractive through virtue of its own singularity. Let us glance around this unique apartment with its odd papering and peculiar ornamentation—a monument to the artistic skill and ingenuity of the poet's accomplished wife. The wall, its distinguishing feature, is entirely concealed by a patchwork covering of judiciously selected wood-cut prints, clipped from illustrated periodicals; and so deftly joined together were they in the pasting, that only my thorough familiarity with many of the designs convinced me of a fundamental separateness. In like manner were the door, mantel, a table, and even a box for writing materials, decorated; the whole forming a quaint original totality, at once pleasing and tasteful. "You never did a more creditable piece of work than this," I remarked, good-humoredly, to the poet. "I acknowledge it," was the frank reply.

Mr. Hayne is a man of marked modesty. It was only at our earnest solicitation that he consented to read aloud one of his late compositions, a poem written for the ladies' bazar held in Baltimore about a year ago. A letter had been received from a little boy asking for the pen with which this production had been transcribed. How much greater was our privilege of hearing it read by the gifted author. Adjoining Mr. Hayne's study is his library, a veritable literary sanctuary. Here inadvertently lighting upon an album, there was fortuitously revealed a photographic gallery of worthies, the talented creators of the fanciful children who illuminated the encompassing shelves. William Black, with his speaking spectacles; Charles Kingsley, the erudite author of Hypatia; that gifted woman who wrote Lass o' Lowrie's; Wilkie Collins, with his plotful, penetrating eyes, and a multitude of others of like celebrity and like interest adorned its magic leaves; all of whom had autographic signatures appended to their pictures.

That god-like attribute, charity, is generously diffused throughout Mr. Hayne's conversation. One is impressed by the sincere regard and admiration he evinces for all contemporary poets and men of genius. He possesses the happy faculty of deserving their virtues and disregarding their foibles. In response to an intimation of mine anent this striking predominant characteristic, he averred: "I never had a feeling of envy or jealousy in my whole life." Certainly envy and jealousy seem incompatible with true greatness, and hard would it be to reconcile ourselves with the idea that a great man could be attended with those unenviable qualities. But an accepted fact it is, nevertheless, that many are called great who possess them to an alarming extent, and it is questionable as to whether their absence or presence is more exceptional among the world's intellectual luminaries.

A Baltimore Bonaparte the Head of the Family.

When Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore, visited Paris in 1854, he was invited to dine at St. Cloud by the Emperor, and a paper was placed in his hands in which it was declared as the deliberate opinion of the Minister of Justice, President of the Senate and President of the Council of State, that "Jerome Bonaparte ought to be considered a legitimate child of France." On the 17th of August, 1855, the Emperor informed Mr. Bonaparte that he entended to create him Duke of Sartene, but as the object of this was to make him give up the name of Bonaparte and surrender his rights as the elder son of his father, he declined the ducal title. On July 4, 1856, "a family council" decided that the descendants of Mme. Elizabeth Patterson were entitled to the name of Bonaparte, but without the advantages conferred by the 201st and 202nd articles of the Code Napoleon. Napoleon III. sanctioned this decision, but added with his own hand: "His Majesty the Emperor, by his conduct toward the descendants of Mme. Patterson since the judgment was determined, has thought it right to prove that he did not consider them as belonging to his *famille civile*." Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who served with distinction in the French army in the Crimea and during the German war, was known only by the name of Patterson in France, although by the law of the church he is now the head of the Bonaparte family, and, since the death of the Prince Imperial, the heir of the empire.

Jack-rabbits are swarming through Nevada, Utah and Idaho, and doing much damage to crops.

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

How the Beautiful Italian City Passes the Winter Season.

Those whose only business is pleasure may find some compensation for the discomfort of their rooms in the open air. The coldest days are generally sunny, and walks which, like the Lung Arno, are protected from the wind, are pleasantly warm during the midday hours. They are thronged by Florentines, who come forth to bask in the sunshine, but, like the lizards which occasionally steal out of their holes for the same purpose, they look depressed and lifeless. All the sprightliness of summer has vanished, the swift, light grace of eye and gesture has given place to a forced and preoccupied energy; if glance or motion quicken it is only in response to a conscious act of the will; the exuberance of life which at other times distinguishes both the Italian and the lizard is quite gone.

After sunset, when the outside air grows sharp, almost everyone seeks a shelter. What becomes of women of the middle or lower class it is difficult to say; probably in such weather they go to bed as early and get up as late as they can, unless it is Sunday or a festival, and they can persuade one of the male members of their family to let them sit beside him in the small cafe he frequents. Almost all such houses are furnished with stoves or warmed by hot air, and frequented by ladies under proper protection. Draughts, dominoes and the games of cards which are permitted by the authorities are played at the different tables, and whoever pays for a single cup of coffee asserts a right to remain as long as he feels inclined.

The wine-shops are dangerous rivals of the small cafes, and are greatly preferred by the old-fashioned Florentines, though they rarely aspire to the dignity of a newspaper, and no ladies are to be found there except the relatives of the host. In most of these the old Italian system of heating is still used. A large metal vessel full of glowing charcoal is brought in shortly after sunset and placed upon a tripod. The guests now gather round it, every now and then a fan woven of grass or rushes is used to remove the white ashes and increase the glow, the doors are kept shut as closely as business will permit, and the heat soon makes itself felt in the small, low room. Then in most places the guests betake themselves to cards, but in some a circle is formed around the teacher from the elementary school or some sub-official with a literary taste, who reads aloud to those who frequent the shop, either every evening or twice or three times a week. He is not paid for his services, but one or another of the guests usually treats him to a glass of wine and the host most likely supplies him with a frugal supper.

On a holiday the wine-room brightens, particularly if there are marriageable daughters or nieces, and the evening frequently concludes with a game of lotto, for an Italian is by nature a gambler. In such places, however, the risk is not great. A single card costs two centessimi, so that five may be bought for a penny.

No one, however, is likely to indulge in such extravagance as that, unless it be some aspirant for the daughter's hand, who is ignorant and careless of the old proverb which says that those who win at love are sure to lose at play. Two cards, or at most four, is the rule. The person who collects the money and draws the numbers—it is never the host or hostess—does not play himself. The happy owner of the card which is first filled up receives a lira, and if anything more remains in the pool the play continues and the winner receives it.

She Waited the Appointed Time but not a Day Longer.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Here is the romance of a Portland woman: When a young girl, she fell desperately in love with a poor fellow, who returned her affection, but didn't have money enough to pay the parson for marrying them. After a deal of consideration by both of them, it was decided that he should start for China, to seek his fortune, and that she should remain behind and wait for his return. She made a vow that she would not marry for three years, and if, at the expiration of that time, he had not returned, she would be at perfect liberty to act at her own pleasure about matrimony. Accordingly, the lover boarded the first ship he could find that was bound for that port, and the lovers parted. Six months passed and the girl heard not a word from her lover.

A year went by and no letter. The girl grew almost distracted, for she came to the conclusion that he had either gone back on her or was dead. A second year went by and nothing was heard from him. At this time another gentleman began paying his attentions to the lady, and finally asked for her hand in marriage. The girl thought of her vow and said no, not until the three years are past. The second man urged her with all his power to marry him. He offered her wealth and every luxury that money could buy, but she was true to her vow, and said she would not marry till the expiration of that three years. Long before this she had supposed her lover dead.

The end of the third year was drawing to a close, and she had promised the ardent suitor, who had been paying her every honor in his power for a year and a half, that when the time was up she would marry him on the following day, if her former lover did not return. The day came, and the man didn't return from China. On that very day the wedding bells were rung, and they were united in marriage.

Hardly had the marriage ceremony been performed, when a ship came into the bay from China, and on board was her lover, who had left her three years ago to gain a fortune for them both—returned. Imagine, if you can, her grief when she saw him. He came back, abundantly rich, to claim her as his bride, and she had three days before married another. The blow nearly crushed them both. But six years were away, and in the meantime the man married and went out West to live. In a few years his wife died. He had not heard one word from his old love for many years, and one day, merely for curiosity, he addressed a letter to her brother, inquiring if she was alive, and if so, where she resided. He received a letter, shortly after, stating that she had been a widow several years, and was living near Portland. The [illegible] for Portland on the next [illegible] than a week's time the [illegible] to-day they are living [illegible] the suburbs of Portland.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY,.....JUNE 17, 1886.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

It is a little remarkable that, according to the affidavits prepared in the New York *World* office, the circulation of that paper is always increasing, while the concurrent testimony of all the newsdealers is to the effect that the sales of the *World* are constantly diminishing. A dishonest, unscrupulous paper, controlled by a coarse, vulgar man, it is to the credit of the good taste of the American people if its prosperity is to be deservedly short-lived.

We have had time to take only an occasional glance at the news from the Gubernatorial canvass in Georgia, but we have seen enough to recognize it as a campaign of extraordinary features. North Carolina never had anything like it, even in the days of Holden, Joe Turner, "Kildee" Lassiter, "Chicken Thief" Stephens, "Blow-Your-Horn" Billy, *et id omne genus*. It would need a Pat Donan to report it and a *Police Gazette* to illustrate it, and the people of Georgia had better throw both the contestants overboard and take up a good man.

The wildest dreams of romance often fade into the commonplace and the most ingenious creations of fiction degenerate into the weakest of word-painting in comparison with the passing strange, touching, tragic or heartrending happenings of everyday life. Ludwig, the crazy King of Bavaria, who was recently deposed from his throne, committed suicide the other day in the grounds of his own beloved Berg Castle. Of all his splendor, barbaric munificence, gorgeous display and boundless prodigality, naught remains but a confused, distorted dream—and the swollen carcass of the madman defiling the waters of the lake which his lavish expenditure had made as beautiful as a poet's dream!

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Hon. W. T. Dortch, of Wayne, is announced as a candidate for Congress in this district. We learn, too, that with Mr. Dortch it is not a case of "being urgently solicited by my friends," etc.; the distinguished citizen of Wayne is in the field with all his armor on, and is very urgently soliciting his friends—as we are free to confess he has a perfect right to do. This, in the words of "Mad Hamlet of Denmark," is "mighty malicho: it means mischief." There is not in all North Carolina a more cautious politician than Hon. W. T. Dortch, of Wayne, or one who would feel more acutely a defeat in his efforts to secure a political nomination. Depend upon it, he believes the ground to be pretty firm under him, at any rate, whatever the proceedings of a subsequent convention may prove his judgment to be.

Republican simplicity has its uses—it makes a good shibboleth and rallying-cry for "the oppressed of all nations," etc.—but it has its disagreeable features as well. It was very gratifying to us all to feel that our chief ruler didn't have to put on a crown to get married, or flourish a sceptre around like the major-dome of a brass band: he just gave Rev. Dr. Sunderland a $100 greenback to make the ceremony short and sweet, slipped out of the back garden gate with his grip-sack in one hand and his bride's traveling polonaise slung over his right shoulder, and hied him to the top of the Alleghanies to enjoy his honeymoon. There he could see the sun rise in the morning long before the large majority of his fifty million subjects could, and could rise himself and make the fire (for it is to be presumed that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland have not yet reached the you-get-up-first-and-make-the-fire-in-the-morning rock on which so many marital barks have been wrecked). But "republican simplicity" became a bore when the everlasting beakiness of the press began slipping and sliding about Deer Park, with their interrogative noses and bead-like eyes, peering into this and that and "wanting to know, you know." But what's the use of abusing a newspaper reporter? It's like pouring water on a duck's back.

A BROADER CIVILIZATION AND BETTER METHODS.

The solution of the problem of the agricultural prosperity and progress of the South demands greater wisdom, more varied information and a better-trained judgment than we possess. But he has lived to little purpose who has been taught no lesson by the revolution of twenty-five years ago—a revolution as complete and far-reaching in its effects upon our material interests and development as upon the duration of political principles and the achievements of arms.

We have no sneer for the ways of our fathers. The men who made the South what the fateful events of the great civil war found it—a land blossoming as a garden, reveling in abundance and blessed with peace and happiness, whose men and women bore without a murmur all the horrors of a struggle whose heroic sacrifices surpassed even the pictures of romance—are not to be pulled down by cavil and detraction from their high place as a great and noble people. We have naught but praise for the war's survivors, who have so bravely and faithfully labored to mend broken fortunes and rehabilitate a ruined country. Commanding the world's admiration for their high qualities as soldiers, they have evinced a manhood no less commendable in the patience and steadiness of purpose with which they have striven against the sharp consequences of defeat.

But the mighty changes that a quarter of a century have effected are but a part of the wonders of a century of marvels, and there's not a branch of human industry, there's nothing in which human effort is expended, but what must move with the tide of progress. In commercial affairs the business methods of former times are found inadequate to the demands of the present day; the power that moves the machinery and the machinery that controls the operations of factory and mill are so far beyond the crude contrivances of the past that only the names perhaps are left the same; the liberal professions have felt the impress of the age, and have stirred to new life beneath its magnetic touch; educational institutions have expanded with a growing civilization, and the press while it has heralded in glowing terms has enjoyed to the full the fruits of an enlightened age.

Is it to be expected that the calling of agriculture—demanding the exercise of the best energies and the highest capacity, the very foundation of every nation's prosperity, should remain at a standstill, while the world moves on? Improvements in agricultural machinery and implements, discoveries in agricultural chemistry, communication with outside markets by the opening up of new railway lines—all, with the great and increasing demands which they create, must be met by an improved system which has caught and taken to itself the inspiration of the progress of the times.

So far as our own section is concerned, we are not prepared to say what is to bestow upon it the prosperity which its natural advantages deserve—whether it be rotation of crops, or intensified tillage on small areas, or the cultivation of tobacco on well-adapted land, or the growing of fruits, or the raising of truck produce. We are inclined to believe that this... it is to be found in a prudent combination of all these excellent features of diversified husbandry. But of one thing we are firmly convinced: so long as the country is subjected to a ruinous drain of its resources to pay for commercial fertilizers (some of them worthless) and bread and meat from the North and West, the people will continue to grow poorer as the years advance.

On Person street in Fayetteville is a very large brick building, now tenantless and for the present useless, which in years past was presided over by a salaried official of the municipal government, and within whose walls were carried on the daily operations of an extensive flour inspection. On the second floor was a commodious hall, which, in honor of the business carried on beneath, was appropriately called "Farmers' Hall." In those days, a householder ordering a bill of goods from his grocer would receive a sack of pure and unadulterated flour, a ham and side of bacon famed the world over for its excellence, and fresh, sweet butter and lard—all made at home; now the delivery wagon will carry him a barrel of patent-process flour from Baltimore or St. Louis, a mass of white meat and a trimmed shoulder, yclept ham, from the pork-packers of Cincinnati, a fancy tin can of oleomargarine and another of so-called lard—and he takes it all and thanks God that it's no worse, while the fine old flour mills of Deep River are crumbling away, and there's no longer any use for a storehouse or a barn on the farm—only just a shelter for a few jaded stock and a place for a cotton press.

And yet we expect to thrive in making cotton at 7 or 8 cents, with our smokehouses and manure-piles among the Hoosiers of the West and the Yankees of New England. It is nothing short of folly.

MR. HALE AT THE QUEEN'S BANQUET.

We know that the readers of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE will thank us for giving them an opportunity of reading the speech made by Maj. E. J. Hale, former editor of the *Observer* and now United States Consul at Manchester, England, at the Queen's Hotel in that city on the 24th ult., the occasion being the celebration of Her Majesty's 67th birthday, presided over by the Mayor and attended by many distinguished guests, embracing the chief dignitaries of the city and noted visitors from other parts of the kingdom, together with the consuls representing the different nations abroad and other members of the diplomatic corps.

Nothing that Mr. Hale would say on such an occasion could fail of scholarly finish, correct taste and patriotic sentiment; and his high position under government will intensify the interest felt in his utterances by his old friends at home:

Mr. Chairman, my lords and gentlemen:—It is my pleasure, by the will of my colleagues, to make response to the eloquent words in which the heads of all foreign nations have just been pledged by the representative of the great Emperor; and it occurs to me that nowhere in the world, at the present time, can such a toast be so appropriately given or so graciously received as in this great city of Manchester. For England has become the habitation of material endeavor; and Manchester I hold to be the embodiment of the spirit of England and the best exponent of her material grandeur. The able gentlemen to whom that subject was entrusted will speak to you in behalf of commerce. Without trenching in any degree upon their perogatives, I propose briefly, Mr. Chairman, to ask attention to the other side of the question, and to point out the changed relations which the heads of the nations have assumed to that which chiefly concerns Manchester, and which those gentlemen will so well uphold. For the enlightened rulers of the present day have rejected the policy of the ancient dynasties, and find power in promoting the general welfare by the extension of international trade. (Hear, hear.) It is not necessary, as it would be unbecoming this convivial occasion, to dwell upon the remarkable events which produced those changes in the world's history. For you all know how, up to a comparatively recent period, there was strife between the political and commercial forces of the world; how trade between the nations, in the early days, was driven from the land and sought safety on the seashore and an international highway on the sea; how, feebly at first, but with growing strength when once it had learned to choose its own battlefield, it expressed itself in successive stages of power—through Tyre, Carthage, Venice and the towns of the Dutch Republic—until it found an abiding triumph in this magnified Venice, the vast seaport of the British Isles. (Applause.) These things we all know. But I do not know that the world understands—I do not quite know that Englishmen altogether appreciate—the part that Manchester played in this shifting of the seat of power that accompanied the victory of commerce. For, however little attention be paid to the fact, she is the metropolis of the largest industrial population on earth, and she bred the men that made the machines and that formulated the economic truths that have revolutionised the world. She may be said, indeed, to have given to mankind all that made the victory worth having, when she gave to manufacturers Arkwright and Crompton, and to commerce Peel, Cobden and Bright. (Applause.) But more, I find among the people of Manchester evidence of uncommon good sense that is in keeping with their other commercial attributes. Two examples of this have especially struck me. One is their appreciation of the newspapers of Manchester, and the other is their marked recognition of the consular body as such, which here enjoys unusual distinction. It is not difficult to account for the first of these phenomena, for the newspapers of Manchester are, without doubt, the best commercial newspapers—I use the word "commercial" in its highest sense—they are, without doubt, the best commercial newspapers in the world. But with respect to the other, a vicarious modesty in behalf of my blushing colleagues forbids my pursuing the subject. There is, however, in all seriousness, an important truth that underlies these facts. I remember that, when I was a boy, they used to say in my country that "cotton is king." Whatever the original signification of this aphorism, it came eventually to express not that cotton was more king than the forces that threatened its domain, or that it was more king than wheat, or more king than commerce, of which it was but a head servant; but by a curious paradox, that those attributes of pure statecraft which formerly were held of supreme account in the States that produced the cotton, were dethroned by this representative of industry. (Applause.) So, indeed, cotton is king—that is to say, commerce is king. And the king is commerce—that is, from it he derives might, power and dominion. But commerce means peace; and, as the consul is the agent of commerce, he has become the messenger of peace, as once his diplomatic brother was the herald of war. So it comes about that, as the nations more and more demand peace, the consular branch of the foreign service is exalted, as the universal attention now drawn to it demonstrates. For these reasons, Mr. Chairman, it has seemed to me that Manchester has simply given another proof of that instinctive prevision which has given her commercial leadership in her attitude toward the consuls; and that the august personages in whose behalf I speak to-night have chiefest cause here for graciously receiving the tribute which annually at this board is rendered them. In the name therefore of the heads of all foreign nations, I beg to thank you, sir, for what you have said to-night, and the authorities and people of this great community for what they have done and for what they continue to do for that which chiefly concerns those for whom I speak; and in their behalf I venture to express the hope that, as England has taken the lead in the shipping of the world, since the mariner's compass gave her America and the maritime route to India, the ships of all nations may yet render fortune at the docks of this representative city. (Applause.)

The Grand Old Man.

LONDON, June 13, 1886.—Mr Gladstone has issued the following manifesto to the electors of Midlothian:

Gentlemen—In consequence of the defeat of the bill for the better government of Ireland, the Ministry advised and Her Majesty was pleased to sanction, a dissolution of Parliament, for a decision by the nation of the gravest and likewise the simplest issue that has been submitted to it for half a century. It is only a sense of the gravity of this issue which induces me at a period of life when nature cries aloud for repose, to seek, after sitting in thirteen Parliaments, a seat in a fourteenth, and with this view to solicit, for the fifteenth time, the honor of your confidence.

At the last election I endeavored, in my addresses and speeches, to impress upon you that a great crisis had arrived in the affairs of Ireland. Weak as the late Government was for ordinary purposes, it had great advantages for dealing with that crisis. The comprehensive measure proceeding from the Government would have received a warm and extensive support from within the Liberal party, and would probably have closed the Irish controversy within the present session, and left the Parliament of 1886 free to prosecute the now stagnant work of ordinary legislation, with the multitude of questions it includes. My earnest hope was to support the late Cabinet in such a course of policy.

On the 26th of last January an opposite policy of coercion was declared to have been the choice of the Government, the Earl of Carnovan alone refusing to share in it. The Irish question was thus placed in the foreground to the exclusion of every other. The hour, as all felt, was come. The only point remaining to determine was the manner in which it was to be dealt with. In my judgment the proposal of coercion was not justified by the facts, and was doomed to certain and disgraceful failure. Some method of governing Ireland other than coercion ought, as I thought, to be sought for and to be found. Therefore, I viewed with regret the fall of the late Cabinet, and when summoned by Her Majesty to form a new one, I undertook it on the basis of an anti-coercion policy, with the fullest explanation to those whose aid I sought as colleagues. When I proposed to examine whether it might not be possible to grant Ireland a domestic legislature, and maintain the honor and consolidate the unity of the empire, the Government was formed, and the work was at once put in hand.

You will now, gentlemen, understand how and why it is that the affairs of Ireland, and not for the first time, have thrust aside every other subject, and adjourned our hopes of useful and progressive legislation. As a question of the first necessities of social order, it forces itself into the van. The late Cabinet, though right in giving it that place, were, as we thought, wrong in their manner of treating it. It was our absolute duty, on taking the government, if we did not adopt their method, to propose another. Thus, gentlemen, it is that this great and simple issue has come upon you and demands your decision—will you govern Ireland by coercion, or will you let Ireland manage her own affairs?

Belfast Mob Composed of the Scum of the City.

BELFAST, June 11, 1886.—The Belfast Associated Press reporter, who was detailed to remain on the scene of the riots, at 5 o'clock this morning reported as follows:

I remained among the rioters all night. The greatest damage in the way of wrecking and looting was done along the Shank Hill and York roads. The fighting on both thoroughfares was desperate and continuous. The mob was composed of the lowest ruffians. The bayonets of the police had no terrors for them, and in many cases I saw the mob in overwhelming numbers press up against the bayonets of the police and drive them back. The only instances in which the police drove the mob at all, so far as I observed, were those in which the officers in compact lines fired at close range rapid volleys of buckshot. These the rioters could not stand against, and they were driven back, but even under such galling fire the rioters would drop to the pavement and rush upon the police while they were reloading. Fighting of this kind, at such close range as to be practically hand to hand, was continued until 2 o'clock this morning, when twilight began to dawn, and so many of the rioters disappeared as to leave the mob of insufficient strength to longer cope with the armed police, who succeeded in dispersing them. My observation shows that the mob of last night was composed of the very scum of Belfast. I saw members of it throw paving stones weighing fifteen to twenty pounds. I even saw the fiends hurling rocks at the gallant firemen who were imperiling their lives in attempting to save dwellings from destruction by incendiary fires and the helpless inmates from horrible deaths. If anything else were wanting to prove the character of the mob it would be furnished by the dozens of ruffians I saw during the night sneaking away from the wrecked or burning buildings laden down with loot. It is impossible to describe the state of terror under which the respectable Catholic people of Belfast are now living in consequence of the prevalent anarchy of bigotry. The bravest of them hardly dare to venture out of doors in daylight even, and I know that scores of persons were shot during last night's riots. I saw ten taken to the hospitals this morning. It is feared that every funeral of a victim of the riots may provoke a fresh outbreak. The law-abiding citizens demand of the government the appointment of a special commission to inquire into the causes of the whole disorder.

Reduced Rates to the Normal Schools.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 12, 1886.—By the kindness of the various railroad companies, persons who desire to attend any of the normal schools in the State will have the benefit of reduced rates on round-trip tickets—good for return upon proper certificate of the secretary of the school.

Through tickets will not be issued beyond junction points, but at each junction a ticket will be issued to the next junction. Fuller information may be had of local agents. Tickets may be had a few days before the opening of each school, good for return before the close of the school. The rate for round-trip tickets will be five (5) cents per mile over most of the roads.

S. M. FINGER,
Supt. Pub. Instruction.

A Present from the Sultan of Turkey.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 11, 1886.—The Secretary of State recently received a cable message from Minister Cox at Constantinople, saying that the Sultan of Turkey desired to send a wedding present to Mrs. Cleveland, and asking that it be received. The President, while appreciating the motives of the Sultan, felt that its acceptance would be in violation of the spirit if not the title of the constitution, and accordingly telegraphed his declination of the proposed compliment.

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GEO. ROSENTHAL'S STRIKE

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is giving unqualified satisfaction to both his old and new customers, and is creating a lively demand for his great

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The undersigned, contemplating a trip to Europe early in July, has determined to clear off his immense stock of goods before his departure, in preparation for next fall's trade. Therefore he offers

Clothing at Cost!

A splendid line of Men's and Youths' Clothing offered at extraordinarily low prices. Call, examine and convince yourselves. A complete assortment of

Ladies' Dress Goods, Prints, White Goods, Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, etc.,

Offered at Proportionately Low Rates.

☞SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY IS RARELY OFFERED TO THE BUYER FOR OBTAINING EVERYTHING NEEDED FOR SUMMER WEAR.

These Goods Must be Sold.

GEO. ROSENTHAL.

may 13-tf Corner Market Square and Person Street.

ALABASTINE

IS BOUND TO TAKE THE PLACE OF

Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewash, &c.,

FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

It is Not a Kalsomine, but a

CEMENT.

IT IS CHEAPER THAN KALSOMINE, WORKS EASY, AND ANY ONE CAN APPLY IT.

Every coat adds strength to the wall.
It does not turn yellow, contract with the heat or scale off.
One dozen beautiful tints, with a pure white, to select from.
One five pound package, it is said, will cover 450 square feet—two coats.

For further information call at

Sedberry's Drug Store.

April 22 tf

—JUST RECEIVED— AT McNEILL & CO.'S!

A LARGE LOT OF

Wrapping Paper,
Paper Bags,
Twine, etc.

Wrapping Paper suitable for every business---Dry Goods, Grocery, Hardware and Drugs.

Prices that will compete with those of any house sending salesmen to our city.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES,

Especially when it will cost you less than to buy the articles elsewhere.

All We ask is a Trial.

mar 18-tf McNEILL & CO.

ADVERTISEMENTS. — ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN & RODDICK,

27 HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

ARE NOW RECEIVING FULL LINES OF

DRY GOODS

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS, AND CAN TRULY SAY THAT NEVER BEFORE DID THE PUBLIC HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY OF BUYING THE BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

We deem it no trouble to show goods and quote prices. Below we name a few of the many decided BARGAINS to be found in our house:

WHITE BED SPREADS 45c. each and upwards.
TOWELS from 5c. to 35c.
WHITE AND COLORED TABLE DAMASK, with DOILIES to match.
PRINTED LAWN—fast colors—4c.
WHITE PIQUE, 6c.
NAINSOOK PLAIDS AND CHECKS, 8c.
INDIA LINEN AND VICTORIA LAWN, 8c.
PERSIAN LAWN.
FRENCH NAINSOOK.

LACES IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

CONSISTING OF HAND AND MACHINE MADE

TORCHON, VALENCIENNES, SPANISH, ESCURIAL, ORIENTAL, DENTELLE, CROCHET AND ALL-OVER LACES, CAMBRIC AND NAINSOOK EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS.

PARASOLS and SUN-SHADES

IN BLACK AND COLORED, PLAIN AND BROCADE.

Corsets from 21c. up.

GLOVES, in Lisle Thread, Silk and Kid.

DRESS GOODS,

5c., 8c., 10c., 12 1-2c., 15c., 20c.

CRAZY CLOTH--Something New.

36 inch All Wool Jersey Albatross, in all the New Shades.

SILKS AND SATINS:

A FEW OF THOSE 40c. SUMMER SILKS YET ON HAND—LOSE NO TIME IF YOU WANT THEM. COLORED SATINS, 60c.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Summer Underwear.

GENTS' UNLAUNDRIED DRESS SHIRTS

In 3 Grades-- BEST VALUE YET SEEN.

CASSIMERES, JEANS, COTTONADES AND LINEND RILLS FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

At BROWN & RODDICK'S,

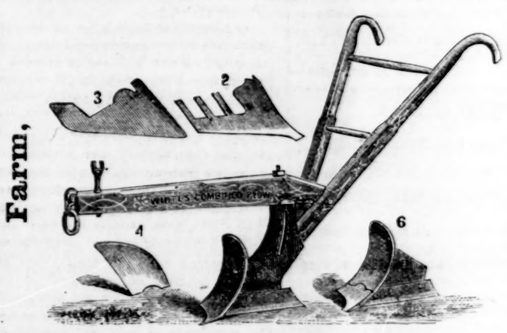
27 Hay St., Fayetteville.

Branch Store 9 Front St., Wilmington, N. C.

April 22 tf

White's COMBINED Plow!

For all Work on the Farm,



Still Acknowledged to be the Best Plow

As It Combines a Good Turning Plow with All the Stonewall Cotton and Tobacco Attachments.

PLOWS and CASTINGS for them always on hand. I also offer the BOY DIXIE, ATLAS STONE WALL, "BOSS," CLIMAX TOBACCO PLOW and all old styles, such as Nos. 10, 35, 40, 50, 48, A 6 and M 6. For sale at LOW PRICES for CASH.

☞A Full Line of Groceries and Hardware on hand.

CHAS. HAIGH.

feb 18-tf Next Door to People's Bank

STOVES. STOVES.

WE have a LARGE ASSORTMENT of COOKING STOVES, all numbers. Also OIL STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER-COOLERS, LEMON-SQUEEZERS, TIN TOILET-SETS, GARDEN and DRY-WELL PUMPS, VALLEY GUTTERING, &C.

—ALSO—

CANE-MILLS, COPPER and GALVANIZED EVAPORATORS, STEAM-FITTINGS, BLACK and GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.

At McMILLAN BROS.

July 2, 1885. 125-tf

Millinery! Millinery!

I have just returned from the North, and am now receiving

A LARGE AND FASHIONABLE STOCK OF

Millinery, Notions, etc.

You are invited to call and examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

apl 15-tf MISS M. H. SMITH.

J. E. GARRETT,

Book and Job Printer,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

SOLICITS ORDERS FOR PAMPHLET WORK, General Letter-Press Printing, Blanks of all kinds, and every description of printing.

Oct. 8, 1885.

EUREKA! "THE DAISY."

ALL FARMERS IN NEED of a TURN PLOW will find it to their interest to examine "THE DAISY" at our Sample Rooms before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as any on the market, and satisfactory performance of work guaranteed or money refunded.

A. E. RANKIN & CO.

feb 18-4m

Town Lot for Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court in the case of James Tucker against Stephen Council, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 5th day of July, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., sell to the highest bidder, at the Market House in Fayetteville, the house and lot on North street where said Stephen Council's family now reside, containing about three-quarters of an acre. Terms cash.

WM. A. GUTHRIE,
R. S. HUSKE,
Commissioners.

june 3-ts

Observer and Gazette.

THURSDAY.....JUNE 17, 1886.

LOCAL BULLETINS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. W. HARDIE—Assignee's Sale.
S. BEHRENDS—Look before you leap.
G. CASSARD & SON—Lard, Hams, etc.
N. H. SMITH—Real Estate Agent, Ice, etc.

CHEAP READING!

Two Good Newspapers for $2.75!

Having made arrangements with the proprietors of the *Detroit Free Press*, we will furnish that paper and the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE for one year at the low price of $2.75.

It is needless for us to particularize the merits of the *Detroit Free Press*—its reputation is not confined even to the United States, but is almost world-wide. It is a large eight-page weekly paper, embracing in its different departments the choicest selections in literature, science, art, news, humor, etc., etc.

Supply yourselves and families for the coming year with excellent newspaper reading by subscribing to the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE and *Free Press*.

County Board of Education.

Mr. H. McD. Robinson requests us to give notice that there will be a meeting of the Board of Education of Cumberland County at his office on Green street, next Saturday morning, 19th inst.

Pastoral Call.

Rev. W. S. Lacy has received a pastoral call to Davidson College. If he accepts it will be to the great gain of Davidson, but to the almost irreparable loss of Euphronia and Buffalo Presbyterian Churches and Fayetteville Presbytery.

Religious Notice.

Rev. Father Felix, Order of St. Benedict, is visiting Fayetteville, and on Tuesday and yesterday morning held services in the Catholic Church. Services will also take place this morning, at the conclusion of which Father Felix will deliver a sermon.

Ice Delivery.

The Fayetteville Ice Manufacturing Company now have a neat delivery wagon making its daily rounds—pure ice every day at our doors at such low prices as we never before enjoyed. It will be our own fault now if we can't defy the very heat of "dog-days."

Railroad Notes.

The finance committee of our railroad syndicate—Messrs. J. D. Williams, E. J. Lilly, J. A. Gray, J. T. Morehead and others—are in Wilmington this week, for the consideration of matters looking to the possible extension of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway to that city.

Target Practice Extra.

Last Monday afternoon a team of the Independent Company, Capt. Jno. B. Broadfoot, Capt. Jno. C. Vann, Sergt. E. L. Pemberton, and Messrs. W. C. McDuffie, Jr., and James Vann shot for a prize of a handsome tea set, Mr. Pemberton winning with a score of 22, and Capt. Broadfoot taking the sweepstakes of $2.00 with a score of 21.

Real Estate Agency.

It gives us pleasure to call special attention to the advertisement of Mr. N. H. Smith in today's issue, in which he gives notice that he has established an agency for the sale, purchase and exchange of real estate, etc. This is a branch of business of which Fayetteville and this section have long felt the need; and, with the energy and capacity which Mr. Smith will bring to the work, it will prove of benefit to the community and profit to the manager.

The Effects of the Rains.

The recent heavy rains have of course put the crops badly in the grass, but with a few days of the right weather the farmers can generally put themselves straight; though in some neighborhoods the damage to corn and cotton is almost irreparable. On the east side of the river in some places the water is yet standing a foot deep in the fields, but Mr. N. L. Monroe and others in his part of the county inform us that they have not been at all injured by the rains.

Thanks!

Unless we would be guilty of the insufferable vulgarity of parading a column in the paper labeled "What They Say of Us," or some other like piece of egotism, we can only occasionally let our friends know that we appreciate their many kind words of praise of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE, conveyed constantly in person and by letter, and accompanied, too, by substantial proof of good will. Friends, we are grateful, and will try to continue to deserve your good wishes.

Death of an Aged Minister.

Rev. W. D. Snodgrass died on the 28th ult., at Goshen, N. Y., at the advanced age of 90 years, having filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of that town for nearly 40 years. The deceased was for years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Fayetteville, and he will be well-remembered by the older inhabitants of the town for the zeal and spirit which he displayed in his ministry, his church being crowded Sunday after Sunday by eager congregations when he was on the war path in his attacks upon some particular flagrant sin. His aggressive boldness was magnetic, and his eloquence is said to have been wonderful.

Beautiful Display of Small Fruits.

Mr. J. S. Breece spread upon our table the other day a tempting array of specimens of some of the various small fruits grown in his extensive and flourishing nursery. He presented to us six different kinds of raspberries: the Cuthbert a very large, almost purple berry; the Golden Queen, showing evidences of the highest cultivation; Shaffer's Colossal, a magnificent variety, bearing very profusely; the Marlboro, a fine berry, much like the Brandywine; the Gregg, a large berry, black and very full; and a seedling of his own which we thought unsurpassed by any, resembling the Gregg, of better quality, but perhaps not as firm. He also brought some delightful apricots—the Early Golden and another kind, the slip containing the name of which we accidentally misplaced.

Mr. Breece—as are all men engaged as he is—is doing a great work in the community, which we hope to see more and more fully appreciated every year by increasing patronage and support. Through him, Mr. Westbrook, and, to a less extent, one or two others, the fruit growers of this section are now independent of nurseries abroad, and can invest their money entirely at home in any outlay which they may design making in fruits.

Then and Now.

Yesterday an excursion train carried 400 or 500 happy Fayetteville people to Winston, giving them time to get breakfast at home, allowing them nearly half a day in Winston and Salem, through the enterprise of Mr. J. R. Vann furnishing them with everything nice in the way of food and refreshments on the trip, permitting them a bird's-eye-view of about a dozen thriving towns and villages along the route, and bringing them back in time for a good rest and sleep on the same night.

When a boy, we frequently spent two or three days at a time during the summer at Salem (not Winston-Salem then as now), but our journey was a very different matter, consuming three days, and our highway was the Western Plank Road, with a private conveyance. The first night's stop was made at Carthage, 42 miles distant, at Mrs. McLean's hotel—situated, as well as we recollect, on the corner just west of the present residence of Mr. J. A. Worthy. That day's line of travel lay through sand and pine forest, and for miles the atmosphere was murky with the smoke of turpentine stills. Lunch would be taken at Johnsonville, and a few miles this side of Carthage the traveler would pass an immense, half-finished wooden building, intended to contain 100 rooms, the erection of which "busted" an ambitious turpentine operator, which was years in rotting down, and was known as "McDougald's Folly."

The second day's route carried us over the rocks and hills, with a "snack" under the magnificent trees in front of Bethuel Coffin's store, through the country of the Quaker Piggots and Hunts, where the trees in the cherry orchards were as large as oaks down here, and a second halt at Asheboro, 80 miles from Fayetteville, at Mrs. Hoover's hotel.

Over the rich wheat lands, past the quaint, ancient hamlet of Waughton, now and then, as the afternoon wore away, catching glimpses of the cylindrical crest of the Pilot Mountain, 30 or 40 miles away, the wayfarer was carried about sunset of the third day into Salem, to the long, low-built, rambling, cosy hotel of Mr. Butner—and during the three days' journey he had passed not any less than 200 or 250 canvas-topped "country" wagons, all on their way to "old 'Fayette" with various kinds of produce.

In those days Winston had a name and that was about all, and Salem dreamed away its days in tranquil dignity, charming the visitor by its primitive customs—the long-drawn trumpet notes of the faithful watchman all through the hours of the night; the quiet churchyard, even in whose modest memorial slabs human pride is touchingly rebuked; the solemn requiem of the dead, clear through the still air voicing the burden of human grief, and all that is left of mortal dust borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers.

Well, retrospection is pleasant, but profitless and a little melancholy. After all, there is more comfort in riding 25 miles an hour without jar or jolt than toiling over rough roads at the rate of 4 or 5 miles an hour.

"Puffing."

Many people utterly fail to appreciate this department of a newspaper—we say department, for it ought to constitute one branch of a country newspaper. We frequently have persons to say: "Well, I don't care to advertise regularly just now, but I would willingly pay good advertising rates for an editorial 'puff.'" The very essence of the value of a newspaper notice ought to consist in the fact that it is voluntary and given without pecuniary consideration: the moment it becomes a matter of dollars and cents it is dishonoring to the publisher and I should be valueless to the recipient.

A citizen conducting an enterprise which redounds to the general welfare of the community in which he lives is entitled to commendatory notice from his home newspaper—yes, even if he is not a patron of the paper, and never swells its receipts a dollar from one year's end to the other; and no amount of patronage from another man should enable him to secure favorable newspaper notice in pushing an unworthy enterprise into popular favor.

Hence a publisher's editorial and local columns should be strictly his own, and not a single line should ever be permitted to appear there which has been bought and paid for. Lastly, he need not be afraid of "puffing" his town and his people too much. The man who blows his own trumpet lets us know that he is there; if he don't blow his own trumpet we don't know he's there.

Sweet Potatoes Galore.

"Veteran" gives us his plan for raising sweet potatoes, by which, as he confidently avers, a man will have more sweet potatoes in his field than he'll have dirt:

Plough half an acre (enough for any one family) thoroughly, cross-plough and harrow again. Lay off your rows 3½ feet apart, put in your fertilizer *freely* (or quit right here) —stable manure, compost of straw and weeds, rich earth, scrapings from about the house—anything that contains potash or ammonia—and make up your ridges with tine fork, the nicer the better. With a stick 6 feet long, sharpened at the point, punch holes in the top of the ridge 15 inches apart; put in the drawers or plants, pouring in a pint of water to each (as water is cheap); put the soil well to the roots, and cover at top with rather dry earth to prevent too rapid evaporation. Cultivate honestly, and you will dig with joy. Be sure to dig before the 10th of November—after the first frost, about October 20th. Cook your potatoes in an oven; stove-cooked potatoes are not worth eating.

Fall Term of Superior Court.

Maj. D. G. McRae has handed us the following, showing the order in which the Courts are held in this (7th) Judicial District for the fall term—his Honor Judge Gilliam on the bench:

Cumberland, July 26, November 8, 15 and 22.
Columbus, August 2.
Moore, August 16 and 23, December 6 and 13.
Robeson, August 30, September 6, October 11 and 18.
Brunswick, September 20.
Bladen, October 25, November 1.
Anson, November 29.
Richmond, December 20.

The July term and the first week in November in Cumberland will be for criminal cases only. The courts held the 15th and 22nd of November will be for civil cases.

The Buffalo Warehouse.

We continue to hear very gratifying news of the operations of the Buffalo Tobacco Warehouse of Messrs. W. A. Sloan & Co., at Jonesboro. On the 14th inst. the firm shipped a full car-load of tobacco direct to the manufacturers, which is only a portion of the tobacco sold upon their floor during the past few days. Messrs. Sloan & Co. have been apprised of an intended shipment of 30,000 lbs. of leaf from Columbus county, and all the indications point to a steady increase in business. Enterprising men about Jonesboro are talking much of the establishment of plug and smoking tobacco factories, and their erection is believed to be only a matter of time.

A Solemn Warning to the Girls.

A correspondent, who evidently pays close attention to the girls' pretty checks, and notes with all-absorbing interest every motion of their sweet lips, contributes the following as a gentle note of warning to the dear creatures:

You have doubtless, Messrs. Editors, when boys, often joined the girls in a play in which they sang:

When I go out to promenade
I look so fresh and gay,
I have to take the dogs along
To keep the boys away.

A few days ago I overheard a little lad giving a new version of the old song; and, thinking that the girls might like to see the boys' paraphrase of the ancient ditty, I transcribe it as follows:

On Hay street when I promenade
At any time of day,
I have to take the dogs along
To keep the girls away.

The girls, so prettily arrayed
In colors soft or gay—
Why do I take the dogs along
To keep the girls away?

Their rosy cheeks sweet gardens are,
Where dimples laugh and play;
Their lips—oh, horror, guard me, dogs,
And keep the girls away!

Their witching eyes—how bright they shine,
Or black, or blue, or gray;
But oh, their mouths!—they twist them round
And round in *each* a way!

I ask them if they "rallies" have:
'Tis "chewing-gum," they say;
Yet sinks my heart lest they should give
Me liy—dro—pho—bi—a.

O girls, sweet girls, abandon "gum!"
Don't spoil your faces, pray;
I hate to take the dogs along
To keep the girls away.

Correction.

Last week our notice of the meeting of magistrates was set up by piecemeal, and in making up the pages that which should have been the last was made the second paragraph—which error a valued correspondent pleasantly if caustically corrects as follows:

In last Thursday's paper your notice of the "Meeting of Magistrates" had "the cart before the horse."

In that notice it appears that *immediately* after the reading of the minutes the "joint session" was held (this has always been the way in our county), but the truth is, that the motion to hold a "joint session" *was voted down*, and one to go *immediately* into an election of five commissioners *was adopted*.

"If it were done.
When 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly.
If this blow
Might be the be-all and end-all here,—
But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instruction, which being taught returns
To plague the inventor: this evenhand'd justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

A few years ago a similar and summary proceeding was had in Colorado: An accused prisoner was brought before a Justice of the Peace (he emigrated from Cumberland, no doubt), and he immediately ordered the Sheriff to take him out and give him thirty-nine lashes and let him bring in his defence the next day.

After Lo! These Many Years.

A few days since a letter came to us from a native of North Carolina, now a citizen of Fannin county, Texas, in which the following interesting and really touching paragraph occurs:

About fifty years ago my mother taught me the letters of the alphabet from the head lines of the *Observer*, then edited by E. J. Hale. One-third of a century has passed since I became a citizen of Texas, and for all of that length of time I have never seen a copy of the *Observer*. I write now for the purpose of obtaining a copy of the paper, as I learn that it is still a living paper. If agreeable to the publisher, whoever he may be, I would thank him for a specimen copy.

May our friend hereafter, as the years advance and life's evening shadows close about him, hear around his family hearth stone the clear voices of his children and his children's children repeating the head-lines of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE; and, while we may not hope to emulate the exalted position which the old *Observer* attained in journalism, we can promise that, revering the memory of the good and pure man who made it a treasure in the households of our people, and ever cherishing in our hearts his teachings and his precepts, the columns of its successor shall never contain aught to besmirch its ancient splendid reputation.

Premium List of the Cumberland Fair.

The Cumberland County Agricultural Society have already received from the hands of the printer their catalogue of general and special premiums for the 24th annual Fair, Nov. 9—'12, 1886. The evidence is gratifying of the zeal which the President, Capt. Jno. B. Broadfoot, and his assistants, are exerting to crown the coming exhibition with unusual success. Placing the premium list in the hands of farmers and other possible exhibitors early in the season is of itself of very great advantage. In the case of agricultural products, especially, considerable time is needed for preparation in competing for the premiums, and the published list now renders the requisite information accessible to all. As to the exhibition, that has hardly ever yet failed in excellence; and if we have ever had reason to complain of a lack of visitors in attendance, no such trouble will beset us this year. The outside world will look in on us next fall by the thousand: let us get ready something for them worth seeing.

Miss Rishton's School.

The school of Miss Lizzie Rishton closed on Thursday last with an enrollment of fifty pupils. The gold medal offered for the highest grade on scholarship, deportment and punctuality was presented to Miss Ila Harrington. Miss Bert Cole next in rank received the second medal. The prizes for best penmanship during the term (gold pen and inkstand) were awarded to Miss Ila Harrington and Master Harry McDonald. The Roll of Honor for past month contains the names of Ila Harrington, Bert Cole and Annie Gainey. The school will reopen the first or second week in September, Miss Lizzie Rishton and her sister having gone to New Berne to spend a portion of the vacation which they have so well-earned by their faithful and indefatigable labors in their excellent school.

Hymeneal—Hall—Woodward.

On yesterday, 16th inst., at the residence of Mr. A. J. Woodward on Haymount, by Rev. J. T. Gibbs of the Methodist Church, Maj. Geo. H. Hall was united in marriage to Miss Delia Woodward. The newly-wedded pair left on the train south at 4 P. M., and they have no friends who more cordially wish them future happiness than we do. Maj. Hall has recently built a tasteful and comfortable residence near Red Springs, Robeson county, where they will probably make their home.

LOCAL TWINKLINGS.

Mr. Thomas Tillinghast is visiting his brother, Mr. W. N. Tillinghast.

Mrs. Duncan Cromartie, of Bladen, has been paying a visit to her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Ray.

Miss Manning, of Chapel Hill, is spending a short time with her sister, Mrs. Weldon W. Huske.

Col. A. H. Worth, who is now making his home in Bladen, spent a few days last week among his many friends here.

Miss Lizzie McRae and Miss Lilly Rose, who have been attending a seminary at Baltimore, are at home for the vacation.

We regret to learn that Maj. Orrell had a sudden attack the other day while at work on his farm, and has since been quite ill.

"Doubtless the Lord might have made" a better dessert than a cherry pie, with short rich crust, "but doubtless the Lord never did."

Mr. Sam McRae, who has been engaged for some time in engineering in the eastern part of the State, is spending a vacation at home.

We learn that a new Steamer, the *Cape Fear*, is soon to be put on the river, with Capt. T. J. Green as captain. The new boat could not have a more popular, efficient commander.

Hon. T. D. McDowell, of Bladen, the former able and patriotic member for this district in the Confederate Congress, in the "days that tried men's souls," visited Fayetteville last week.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Huske is enjoying a few days of rustication. May country air and rest restore in full measure that health and strength which he expends so freely always in the service of humanity.

A special train south-bound, containing a party of capitalists on railroad views intent, passed through here on Tuesday afternoon. We learn that they were making the run at the rate of about 30 miles an hour.

The new organ for St. John's Episcopal Church has been somewhat delayed in shipment from the factory, but will be here in a week or ten days. We are glad to know that it is to be put up in the old place in the gallery.

We regret to learn that Mr. W. A. Guthrie has definitely decided to remove to Durham, and has already purchased a residence in that place. The professional, social and business circles of this community will greatly miss him.

Mr. Carraway, of the staff of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, spent two or three days in town last week. He is always "on the wing" (a bird of magnificent proportions), and as he is a man of acute observation, it is pleasant to hear him sit and tell of happenings throughout the State.

The Sunday School of the African Methodist Episcopal Church celebrated its anniversary last Monday. The children marched in procession in holiday attire, a part, crowned with wreaths, being drawn in a wagon at the head of the column—the whole accompanied by banners, music, etc.

Our entertaining Shoe Heel correspondent is "on the road" this week, roaming amid the Parnassian shades of Salem Female Academy, and doubtless ignoring those Parnassian shades when the "sweet-girl graduates" woo him with honied smile and dulcet tone. We will hear from him when he returns.

Fayetteville people will be glad to learn that the reports of Judge David Davis's illness have been exaggerated, not only on his own account—for he found many friends and adulirers here during his visit two or three years ago by his friendliness and affability—but for the sake of his charming and accomplished wife, who was a great favorite in Fayetteville society.

Mr. John C. Haigh has practically and completely exploded a theory which Mr. Geo. Haigh, ourselves and one or two other old-fashioned gardeners held to with somewhat of tenacity—that it was useless to expect ripe tomatoes before the 4th of July. Mr. Haigh brought to our office last Monday morning a perfect, ripe Acme tomato of medium size, picked from the vine on the 13th inst. This is remarkably early.

Stepping into Mr. J. M. Brown's establishment next to the Cumberland House on Monday evening, while we conversed with him on a matter of business, Mrs. Brown served for us delicious ice-cream and cake, which were thoroughly enjoyed. Their rear saloon is being nice'y fitted up for the reception of guests, who will find the cream and other refreshments there offered very acceptable during the hot weather.

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

The Headlong Plunge of the Fated Train from the Broken Trestle.

Special dispatch to the Charleston News and Courier.

ST. STEPHEN'S, June 7, 1886.—The north bound passenger train No. 43 on the Northeastern Railroad met with a terrible accident at 2:22 this evening while crossing the Santee River trestle at a point two and one-half miles from this place. The trestle suddenly gave away and the train, with the exception of the engine and the last sleeper, plunged headlong into the canal below. The scene that followed baffles description. Hours were spent in extricating the dead and wounded from the wreck.

Dr. G. G. Kinloch, Wm. Inglesby, Capt. J. L. Cole, Miss Hannah Wilson, Miss Flora McIver, of Charleston, and Miss Nelia McWhite, of Marion, were instantly killed.

The list of wounded comprises thirteen, and is as follows: B. G. Mazyck, conductor, seriously injured; F. W. Rennecker, mail agent, dangerously injured; Henry Husbands, baggage master, seriously injured; Warren Burges, colored, wood passer, painfully injured; James Gouldman, news agent, slightly injured; W. C. Chandler, of Sumter, slightly injured; Miss Marion McWhite, of Marion, slightly injured; W. B. Barnes, of Lynchburg, Va., painfully but not dangerously injured; Henry Henry, colored, slightly injured; Express Messengers West and Price, both seriously injured; R. Smith, sleeping-car porter, seriously injured; John Wright, Wilmington, N. C., Seriously injured.

The cause of the accident is partly ascribed to the recent freshet, which has materially damaged the trestle, the high water thus far having precluded a thorough examination of the same.

One of the unfortunates made a statement last night to a reporter who accompanied him in the carriage in which he was taken from the station to his boarding-house on Society street. This gentleman is named Mr. W. C. Chandler, and is a clerk at McGuire's furniture establishment on King street. He took the train yesterday at 12, on his way to Sumter, whither he had been summoned by telegraph to attend the bedside of his dying mother. He made his statement with the utmost difficulty, as he was suffering from a contusion on the right side of his head. His right foot had also been badly bruised.

His escape was a most miraculous one. In answer to a question as to the cause of the disaster and the manner in which it had occurred, he said: "I don't know how I am alive to tell about my escape, and, even now, nearly everybody is disagreed as to

WHAT CAUSED THE CRASH.

The fact is, that all of those who got off with their lives were too much concerned in thinking of other things, and those who were entirely saved found too much work in helping the helpless to waste any useless time in investigating the causes of the wreck. All I know is that I was sitting in the second-class car near the end next to the first-class passenger coach. Ahead of me were the mail car and the baggage car. The only occupants of the car in which I was were two persons, a colored man and a colored boy, whose names I have forgotten. I remember distinctly that we had entered upon the trestle, and were running, I should judge, at the rate of between twenty-five and

THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

I don't know how far we had gone on the trestle, possibly half a mile, when the crash came. It is, of course, impossible to describe one's sensations under the frightful circumstances, but I am sure that every one on the car who knows anything about impending danger must have felt a premonition that there was something wrong just an instant or so before we were sent whirling through the air to the ground below. The first intimation I received of the coming disaster was the ominous sound of the brakes being instantaneously and forcibly put down. At such a place, on a trestle so elevated above the ground, or rather the water below, I felt that the danger, if danger it was, would be nothing less than a fatal one. I therefore almost insensibly threw myself forward and clung tightly to the forward seat, and at the same instant I could hear above the rush and roar of the train the noise of the cars ahead which were

PLUNGING DOWN THE TRESTLE.

Just then, glancing through the forward door, I saw the next car pitch from the rails and vanish from sight. I knew then that our time had come. Quicker than thought the front end of our car dipped down and I then thought that all was over. I could distinctly hear the crashing of the timber under the car as we went down. I only knew this: that the fearful wrenching which the car experienced as we left the rails lifted me from my seat, regardless of all the strength of agony and despair that I was exerting, and shot me forcibly down towards the front end of the car. I remember at one time the car was nearly perpendicular, and having been'ent loose from my support I fell almost by the force of gravity along the whole line of seats to the bottom. I have numberless bruises which I do not feel just now, on account of the greater pain of my principal wounds, and I am confident that I struck every seat on my way down to the forward door. In fact, my remembrance is that the wound on my head was caused by striking the sharp edge of one of the seats as I was being hurled, as I then thought, into eternity. Strange to say, after reaching the bottom of the car, I experienced but little injury. I reached the last possible place, the end of the car, just as it struck the ground. Through the windows I saw the water, dashed into foam, rise high above the car, but all of a sudden it subsided, and the fear of drowning, which was my first sensation on seeing the water, disappeared. Then for an instant all was still. I was dazed, and didn't know what to do or think. Both the colored persons went out of sight, possibly under the seats. I thought at first that the car was then the safest place, but I changed my mind and dragged myself through one of the windows. It was only then that I found that I was seriously hurt. The wound on my head had bled profusely, and I was half blinded by

THE STREAM OF BLOOD

which had flowed all over my face. When I reached the outside world again I was absolutely appalled by the extent of the damage. Just ahead of me were the mail and baggage cars smashed literally to pieces. The first-class passenger coach, which was immediately behind us, had toppled over with tremendous force and was lying half on its side just to the right. Behind that was one of the two sleepers which had fallen after the passenger coach. On the rails still was the rear Pullman car just a short distance from the break through which we had all come in such inextricable confusion. It was sometime before any sound was heard save that of the engine, which was ahead of us, and which had not left the track. It was just as if I was the sole survivor of a general death and destruction.

Industrial Progress of the South for Two Weeks.

From the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, June 2.

The growth of the industrial interests of the South is really surprising. Week after week shows a list of new enterprises covering almost every line of manufacturing and mining that gives some indication of the great industrial development now in progress throughout the Southern States. This growth is not confined to any one State, though of course more noticeable in some than in others, but extends through the whole South. As illustrating this industrial development, the following summary of new enterprises reported in our Construction Department for the last two weeks only will prove of general interst:

In Alabama, Mr. Samuel Thomas and his associates are preparing to build a large furnace, $500,000 in cash having been put up against $500,000 in mineral property, making the capital of the company $1,000,000, although the land is said to be well worth $800,000; at Sheffield, in the same State, the contract has been awarded for a 100-ton furnace; $40,000 have been raised to build a cotton compress at Anniston; $40,000 are being spent to enlarge gas and electric light works at Birmingham; work on a new foundry and machine shop has been commenced at the same city, a site has been purchased for a bolt and nut factory, and a jug factory has been started, while several saw, planing and grist mills are reported.

In Arkansas, Pine Bluff is to have $100,000 railroad machine shops; Little Rock has organized a $100,000 woolen and cotton manufacturing company; mining machinery has been erected near Hot Springs; a saw mill and furniture factory combined will go up at Arkansas City; a large saw and planing mill at Arkadelphia; a stave factory at Harrisburg, and other woodworking enterprises in other parts of the State.

Florida shows up with a $500,000 company to do a general contracting and wood-working business, a $30,000 electric light company, brick yards, saw mills, etc.

In Georgia there have been a $100,000 granite quarrying company, a $150,000 marble company, a manganese mining enterprise, a foundry and machine shop, large planing mill, basket factory and an ice manufacturing company.

Maryland has a new $1,000,000 sheet metal company, a slate quarry, grist and flour mill, etc.

In Mississippi a $50,000 spoke manufacturing company has been organized, an ice factory, a cheese factory, several creameries, new machinery for a cotton mill and brick works.

North Carolina has a new furniture factory, a $40,000 gas and electric light company, stave and shuttle block factory and a number of saw mills, while in gold-mining operations there is considerable activity.

In Tennessee two iron furnaces are to be erected, a $60,000 woolen mill is to be built at once, a foundry is going up, several flour mills, saw mills and other small enterprises are to be started.

Texas reports a $50,000 ice and electric light company, a wagon and carriage factory, a $30,000 water company, an ice factory, a $60,000 compress company and three or four large flour mills.

Virginia has two $100,000 coal mining companies, an iron foundry, a machine and boiler company and a large flour mill under contract.

In West Virginia 20,000 acres of timber land have been purchased for development, a $100,000 steel and iron company and a natural gas and oil company organized.

As this summary covers only a report of two weeks and omits quite a number of small enterprises, our readers can readily see that the South is vigorously forging ahead in the industrial line.

The City of Vancouver Burned.

WESTMINSTER, June 15, 1886.—Parties arriving from Vancouver state that at 2:30 yesterday afternoon the wind rose to a gale and caused the fires which were burning on the Canadian Pacific Railway reserve to spread toward the city. A house on the extreme west end caught fire and the flames spread rapidly to the adjacent building, and at 4 o'clock the last house in the town was in ashes. Hoving's saw mill and the Royal City planing mill, being situated on points of land outside the town, were saved. Five persons are reported dead, and several others to have been seriously, if not fatally, injured. The firm of J. M. Clute & Co. loses $5,000, on which there is insurance of $2,000. The total loss is estimated at $1,600,000 and the insurance at $10,000. One thousand persons are homeless. It is impossible to obtain further particulars at present on account of the wires being prostrated.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 15, 1886.—The city of Vancouver, situated at the Pacific end of the Canadian and Pacific Railway, is in ashes. Not half a dozen houses remain out of five hundred, and, worst of all, there is a large loss of life. Ten bodies thus far have been recovered, and a number of persons missing are supposed to have perished. One short hour did the whole work. The property saved is insignificant. "A clean sweep" defines the situation.

A Mountain Waterspout.

Special Dispatch to the New York World.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 9, 1886.—A waterspout burst over Marshall yesterday afternoon, and the most terrific rain fell upon the surrounding country that has been witnessed within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Houses fell before the advancing flood, cattle were swept away and drowned, and the crops throughout the region about were destroyed. A puny stream, known as Rigby Run, ordinarily three or four feet wide, became a raging river, overflowing its banks and sweeping away everything movable that came within its reach. Fortunately no loss of life is reported. One of the most exciting incidents of the storm was the narrow escape of a train filled with passengers.

GENERAL FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1886.

N. C. BACON—		HIDES—	
Hog Round,	8½@10	Flint—good,	12@13
Sides,	10	Flint—damaged,	5@8
Hams,	10½@11	Dry Salt,	9@10
WEST. BULK MEATS—		Green,	4½
Sides,	6½	IRON—	
Shoulders,	5½	American,	3
WESTERN BACON—		Swedes,	5@6
Sides,	7½	LARD—	
Hams,	14@15	N. Carolina,	10
Shoulders,	6	Western,	8@10
RAGGING,	10½@12	LEATHER—	
BEEF—		Upper, country,	35@40
On foot,	2@3	Sole, Hemlock,	25@27
Dressed,	6@7	Harness, c'try,	25@30
BEESWAX,	20@21	MOLASSES,	25@40
BUTTER—		NAILS—	
North Carolina,	20@25	(10d basis),	2.75
Northern,	25@35	PORK—	
COFFEE—		Fresh,	(None.)
Java,	22@25	Mess,	(None.)
Rio,	10@12½	POTATOES—	
COTTON YARN,	85@95	Sweet,	50
COTTON TIES,	1.15@1.40	Irish—bbl.,	3.00
CHICKENS,	27@30	SALT,	@90
EGGS,	11@13	SUGARS—	
FLOUR—		Coffee,	7½@8
N. C. Family,	(None.)	Granulated,	8@9
West. Fam.,	4.00@7.00	SHEETINGS,	6
FODDER,	1.00@1.10	SHUCKS,	75
GRAIN—		TALLOW,	5
Corn—new,	60	WOOL,	16
Oats,	55@60	SPIRITS—	
Rye,	90	Corn Whisky,	1.45
Peas—new,	65	Rye Whisky,	1.65
HAY—		Apple Brandy,	1.65
N. Carolina,	40@60	Peach Brandy,	2.00
Northern,	1.00@1.20		

Fayetteville Cotton and Naval Stores Market.

COTTON.—The market opened on Monday of this week at 8¼@8½ cents, remaining on Tuesday and yesterday at the same price.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits was weak yesterday at 26½ cents.

Rosin was dull, prices ranging from 55 and 65 cents for common.

Crude Turpentine—Hard none, Yellow Dip $1.50, Virgin $2.25.

Wilmington Market.

Special Telegram to Observer and Gazette.

WILMINGTON N. C., June 16, 1886.—Middling cotton quiet at 8½ cents. Spirits firm at 29 cents. Rosin firm at 75 cents for Strained and 80 cents for Good Strained.

WORTH & WORTH.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN DIE UNDER the age of five years. Why? Physicians attribute it to various causes, and have a vocabulary of infantile diseases too numerous to mention. Worms! Worms! Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will kill them and restore the child.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Assignee's Sale.

The entire stock of goods of Messrs. STRAUSS BROS. is offered for sale at

New York Cost.

This is a large and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, &c.

These are all seasonable goods, that may be bought at first cost, as my duties as assignee compel me to close them out.

A rare opportunity for the public and country merchants, as all may know *this* is no advertising dodge.

R. W. HARDIE, Assignee of Strauss Bros.,
No. 63 North Person Street, Fayetteville, N. C.
june 17 in-3t

N. H. SMITH,
Real Estate Agent,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Correspondence solicited from parties wishing to buy or sell lands. Reliable attorneys employed to investigate titles, etc. Refers to business men of Fayetteville.

Office at Smith's Depot,
Corner Mumford and Donaldson Streets,
Where a FULL stock of

Best Ice, Coal and Wood

can be found, at LOWEST PRICES.

☞Look for the sign, "Ice, Coal, Wood," &c.
june 17 tf

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP,

AND DO NOT BUY YOUR SHOES BEFORE examining the stock and prices of the new Fayetteville Boot and Shoe House of S. Behrends, at Starr's corner. They devote their entire attention to this line. Their goods are made to order, after the newest and most comfortable styles. They will sell you BETTER SHOES for LESS MONEY than you formerly paid for inferior ones. For further reference, try a pair of their Shoes.
june 17 ap 22 3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—WE ARE SELLING—
CASSARD'S
Red Star Brand
PURE LARD,
AND RECOMMEND IT
As being the Very Best to be had.

SEND US YOUR ORDERS.

WALTER WATSON, S. A. PHILLIPS,
A. S. HUSKE & CO., GEO. A. THOMSON,
D. H. RAY & CO., A. GARRASON,
CHARLES HAIGH, A. E. RANKIN & CO.,
W. J. McDONALD, D. M. McDONALD,
LOCKAMY & ROUSE, J. L. ALLEN,
J. C. THOMSON, W. J. BOONE & CO.,
J. R. VANN, E. F. MOORE,
AYER BROS.

—ALSO,—
Cassard's Mild-Cured Hams and Breafast Strips,
WHICH ARE UNSURPASSED.

Look for the Red Label and Blue Seal.

G. CASSARD & SON,
407, 409 and 411 W. Baltimore Street,
Baltimore, Md.
One of the Oldest Houses in the country.
june 17 1y

ICE

Made from the CELEBRATED

Fountain Head Springs,

OF FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

No Purer Water in the World.

THE FAYETTEVILLE ICE CO.

is now prepared to supply the demand for PURE ICE, either from their factory on Donaldson street or daily from their delivery wagon.

PRICES OF TICKETS FOR CASH:

100 lbs. 75 cents; 5 lbs. or more delivered at a time.
300 lbs. $2.10; 10 lbs. or more delivered at a time.
500 lbs. $3.00; 25 lbs. or more delivered at a time.
2,000 lbs. $10.00; 50 lbs. or more delivered at a time.

☞In barrels, packed for shipping, 75 lbs.; 100 lbs. in hogsheads, 50 cents per hundred, including packages. Prices for larger quantities furnished on application. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
june 3 tf FAYETTEVILLE ICE CO.

Seasonable Goods.

As the Heated Term Approaches,

J. D. BROWN & CO.

have made ample preparations to supply the demands of those who wish to partake of refreshing cream from dainty ware or drink cooling beverages from delicate glass.

J. D. BROWN & CO.

Show the prettiest line of Ice Cream Sets

ever exhibited in this market. They also carry a full assortment of Ice Cream Saucers and Plates in colored glass, French and American China, Porcelain and Ironstone.

J. D. BROWN & CO.

will show you beautiful Berry and Fruit Dishes in Bohemian Glass. They also carry quantities of Fruit Dishes, footed and flat, in China and American glass.

AT BROWN'S CROCKERY STORE

can be found German cut-glass Decanters and Wine Glasses to match. They have American goods for those who prefer cheaper and less fragile ware.

J. D. BROWN & CO.

carry Champagne and Lemonade Glasses and Cups in the beautiful Bohemian colored glass. Their Water Sets—Pitchers and Glasses to match—in same goods are selling rapidly and are a stylish addition to a handsome sideboard. The lovers of iced buttermilk will find Pitchers in every shape and color at Brown's Crockery Store.

J. D. BROWN & CO.

merely mention these few articles of seasonable goods, but visitors to their new store will be shown handsome Dinner Sets and Tea Sets in French and American goods. Their stock of Porcelain, Ironstone and C. C. Ware is simply immense. They are well-stocked with Agate Ware, Tin Goods of every sort, Wood and Willow Ware, Rockingham and Yellow Goods, and everything in the house-furnishing line.

THEIR WHOLESALE STOCK

having been reduced by large sales, they found it necessary to make extensive additions thereto, and are now heavily stocked in this line.
june 10 tf

LIVERY.

Excellent Horses

FOR THE

CARRIAGE AND SADDLE.

I have recently made additions to my stock of excellent horses for riding and driving; and lady-riders, especially, can be furnished with an animal of fine action and spirit, and at the same

That Wife of Mine.

She met me at the door last night,
All dainty, fresh and smiling,
And threw her plump arms round me tight,
In manner most beguiling.
Then, in her sweet, impulsive way,
She hugged me and she kissed me,
And told me how the livelong day,
She'd thought of me and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, still close-clinging,
Into the dining room and sat
Down at the table singing.
The meal was perfect: fresh-cut flowers,
The firelight warm and rosy,
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours
And we were, oh, so cosy.

Then after dinner, she and I
Sang the old songs together
We used to sing in days gone by—
My heart was like a feather.
Our happiness made earth a heaven,
And now, as I review it,
I recollect it was past eleven,
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,
She nestling close beside me;
Softly she smoothed my hair, and when
I kissed her did not chide me.
She fondly pinched my cheek, and so,
Her dimpled hand upon it,
She whispered: "Darling, do you know
I need a new spring bonnet?"

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Brother Gardner on the Salvation Army.

Lime-Kiln Club in Detroit Free Press.

"I hold heah in my hands," said Brother Gardner, as the sneezing, coughing and shuffling died away in Paradise Hall, "a letter axin' how dis Lime-Kiln Club stands on de Salvashun Army queshtun. It axes fur an honest expreshun of my individual opinyun, an' derfore I shan't compromise any of de res' of you when I say:

"If a revivalist has got to d—n yer eyes to save yer soul, den dar's sumfin wrong wid othodox religion.

"If de way to Heaven am lined wid whoopin', howlin' men and women I shu'd reckon dat moas' of de chillun would git scart an' turn back.

"De man or woman who can't sperunce a change of heart in a church congregashun of respectable people won't be apt to git it in a barracks filled wid loafers.

"It seems to be a good deal easier fur pussons to believe dey hev a call to go out an' spread de gospel den for 'em to believe dey hev a call to make a livin' by work.

"If it has become necessary to scare a man into callin' hisself a christian it am no wonder dat religun doan' pay back borrowed money any sooner dan odder folks.

"If Sam Jones can convert men to Christ by a mixture of humor, pathos, farce an' sense, delivered in an ole barn, what's de use of our costly church edifices an' high-salaried preachers?

"It am my opinyun dat nine-tenths of dese wanderin' revivalists will hev jist as hard work to squeeze into Heaven as de aiverage sinner.

"When you skeer a man into obeyin' de law you doan' make a law-abidin' citizen of him any mo' dan you make a christian of a man when you skeer him into gittin' up in a crowd an' declarin' dat he am gwine to lib a defrunt life. Sound de triangle an' let de purceedins purceed."

Not That Kind of a Cow.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

"Does your cow cringe and curl," asks the New England *Farmer*, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" Well, not much, she don't. She isn't that kind of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that will raise a blister on an oak knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground, and then feels around with the other for the milk-pan, milk-stool and milkmaid; she finds them, fires them up somewhere into the blue empyrean, and remarking "Ha! ha!" amid the shouting, jumps over a six-rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pipe line and a pump-station.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Alice Pudding.

Half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of flour, one-fourth of a pound of currants, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon. Beat the butter to a thick cream, strewing in the sugar by degrees, mix well together, and then dredge the flour in gradually; add the currants, and stir in the well-beaten eggs; when the ingredients are well-stirred and mixed butter a mould that will hold the mixture exactly, tie down with a cloth, put it into boiling water and boil for five hours. When turned out, strew a little powdered sugar over it, and serve with sweet sauce.

Layer Cake.

Six eggs, the whites and yolks separately beaten, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of water, two and a half cupfuls of flour, two and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Mix the sugar and yolks of the eggs, add the water, next the flour in which the baking powder has been well-mixed, then the whites of the eggs; bake in three layers in a hot oven for fifteen minutes; put any kind of nice jelly between the layers, and frost the top if desired.

Breakfast Cake.

Take equal parts of fine oatmeal and water, mix thoroughly and pour into a pan one-third of an inch deep; bake for half an hour, or until crisp and slightly brown. If the oven is not hot enough, pour into the frying-pan, cover tightly, and bake on top of the stove, dishing when well-browned on the bottom. This is an excellent dish for either early breakfast or late supper, and, eaten with sweet cream, fresh butter or stewed fruit, is delightful.

Excellent Apple Pie.

Pare and slice the apples; make a thick syrup, flavoring with cloves, allspice or mace, as preferred; in this syrup seald a few apples at a time, taking them out and putting more in till all are slightly cooked; set aside to cool, and then pour into deep pie-plates lined with paste, dredge with flour, put bits of butter over it, dredge again, cover with paste and bake. A glass-ful of brandy or wine improves it.

Snow Pudding.

Soak half a box of gelatine for one hour in half a pint of cold water; then add two cupfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon and half a pint of boiling water; when cool but not thick, add the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; set the dish in another of ice-water, and beat until thick and white. Turn into a mould, and set away to harden.

Oswego Sponge Cake.

Eight ounces of corn-flour, six ounces of white sugar bruised, four ounces of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder; flavor with extract of lemon; beat all well together; bake in small tins in a slow oven.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

A SHORT, SENSIBLE TALK.

Some of the Needs of the Farmer—Raising Home Supplies and Improving the Cotton Crop

E. A. W. in the Southern Cultivator.

The farmer needs more independent thought and the capacity for deeper research and inquiry, because it is his business to study the profoundest laws of nature and the most mysterious works of the great Creator. He should understand the nature and character of the soil, the manure or fertilizers to be applied to it, the effects of air, sunshine, rain and freezes upon his land, and the adaptation of crops to congenial soils. To do this, he must have a knowledge of geology, mineralogy, agricultural chemistry, philosophy and other natural and physical sciences. He must understand the higher mathematics, in order to be successful in the management of his hands and tools, the improvement of his implements and the value of his productions or crops. When times of depression like the present come, and everybody around him is saying, "Cotton is too low to raise it," "Corn, wheat, oats, clover and grass never did bring any money into this cotton country, and it don't pay to farm," he must know how to successfully battle, by their precept and example, against such specious argument, and to drive on and not be discouraged in his business.

Did not our fathers make money raising cotton at six and seven cents? They certainly did and grew rich often. "But," these grumblers say, "they had slave labor and fresh land." Free labor since the war is cheaper, because our fathers spent more money in raising young negroes, in the support and care of the old and infirm, in clothing, medicine, etc., than labor now costs, and by the intelligent use of commercial fertilizers our lands yield more than their fresh lands. But the great secret is:

They raised all their supplies and bought nothing to eat, but even sold provisions every year. Now, let the Southern farmers raise not only a *sufficiency*, but a little *surplus* of the corn, wheat, oats, clover and grasses that will give them meat, milk, butter, eggs, and nearly all the necessaries of life at *home*; then our cotton will be surplus, even at six and seven cents. By raising our supplies we will reduce the cotton crop and thereby improve the quality and price. Every farmer admits all of this, but still does not change. They will, however, and that very soon; for our farmers are now changing fast, seeding more clover and grasses, and preparing to plant more corn. On the other hand, when times of prosperity come, and cotton commands a good price, we become so reckless and extravagant that the North and West can hardly supply us with corn and bacon, horses and mules. Then there is no end, during those "flush" times, to the purchasing of new goods, new wagons, top-buggies, machinery, etc., which are sent for from the North, and we entirely exhaust the stock of fertilizers, so that all the factories in the country cannot supply the demand.

Let us have more agricultural and mechanical colleges, either separate or in connection with our universities, so that the plow, the mower, the reaper, the cultivator, etc., may be guided by skillful hands and directed by cultivated brains. Then our country will soon reach a degree of prosperity never before attained, and the waste and uncultivated stretches in our beloved "Sunny South" shall "blossom like the rose."

Sheep in Orchards.

From the American Agriculturist.

Sheep are better scavengers in a bearing orchard than hogs, notwithstanding they will bark small trees. Even if ringed, hogs will exterminate most grasses in a small lot, but orchard grass will flourish under the trees and under the hardest gnawing of the sheep. Besides that, sheep will eat up all the windfalls, no matter how small, bitter, astringent or rotten, with a more unquestioning appetite than swine; hence they protect the trees more effectually against insect enemies. It is principally old suckling ewes that damage the trees, and that in the spring when herbage is scanty. They may be prevented from gnawing the bark by an application of coal tar, kerosene, or a wash prepared by mixing one quart of soft soap, one quart of lime, one quart of pine tar, with three gallons of sheep, cow or hen manure, adding sufficient quantity of water, and stirring into about the same consistency as ordinary whitewash. Apply to the body of the tree with a whitewash brush, splint broom, or with the hand well-protected with a heavy cloth mitten. This wash will protect the trees against injury from sheep, except the rams' horns, and is also beneficial to the growth and health of the trees. It is valuable in preventing the damages so frequently done by insects, worms, etc.; for this purpose apply as near the roots as possible, and as often as it is washed off by the rain from the body of the tree.

But most farmers in the busy season will forget to renew the application, and at the best it will not prevent damage by the rams' horns. Hence we have found the best practical protection to be stakes. Good locust stakes will last from six to ten years.

Variety is the Spice of Life.

From Farm, Field and Stockman.

This applies to the farmer, for he often denies himself a variety. Every farmer should have upon his table, in addition to pork and potatoes, plenty of sweet corn, peas, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, string beans, beets and other well known vegetables. Nor should he cease with such, but give the table a surfeit of small fruits also. At this season of the year the health of the members of the family will depend upon the diet to which they are subjected. In the spring and summer the stock do best on green, succulent food, and the farmer should profit by the daily occurrences on the farm and provide himself in like manner. The farmer who cannot afford to have these things is willing to inflict upon himself a self-denial which should not be encouraged, and as it is economical management he suffers in consequence.

Deep Cultivation of Corn.

From the New York Times.

To plow corn deeply after it has attained a height of two or three feet is exceedingly injurious. All deep cultivation should be finished before the corn is a foot high. The roots of corn grow very rapidly, and when the plant is a foot high the roots often meet from row to row. If the roots are broken then they will throw out many fibres, which will soon make up for the temporary injury done. But if the roots are broken later the plant is depending much more upon them and the check is proportionately greater. A crop of corn plowed deeply when in blossom and dry weather succeeding will certainly be ruined. The late cultivation of corn and all cultivated crops should be as superficial as possible.

Dry dust or powdered lime thrown on the leaves, or sulphur and powdered lime, will destroy the pear slug.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest at Home and Abroad.

Lucy Larcom, whose poetry is widely copied, once worked in a cotton mill.

In a raid of Apaches near Magdalena, Mexico, ten persons were killed, one of them an American.

A shoal of whales, eighty in number, was recently driven ashore on the Shetland Islands and captured.

Three thousand houses, comprising nearly the entire city of Akita, Japan, have been destroyed by fire.

Leading London papers are considerably excited at the sympathy expressed in America for Irish home rule.

A hawk trapper at Swatara, Penn., in eleven days killed 112 hawks. He gets a bounty for their scalps.

Dr. Schliemann has angered the Greeks by buying a house in Berlin and accepting the freedom of that city.

Henry Ward Beecher, instead of dying, as reported, has planned to deliver forty lectures during his European tour.

The Highland Reform League, of Glasgow, has adopted resolutions in favor of home rule for Scotland and a separate Parliament.

Alma Tadema will paint a picture of Mary Anderson as Salammbo descending the stairway at the barbarian feast, with her lyre in her hand.

The British flag-ship *Bellerophon* has arrived at Halifax with a force of 600 men aboard. It is said to have no reference to the fisheries quarrel.

The Garfield statue, completed several months ago for the city of Cincinnati, still lies in the government building there, for lack of funds with which to mount it properly.

Chinese Consul Bee, of San Francisco, has written to Troy laundrymen offering to supply them with 10,000 to 20,000 Chinamen on short notice to take the place of strikers.

A dog caught a gray eagle near Washington, Kansas, which measured seven feet from tip to tip. The bird could not get into the air away from the dog on account of a heavy wind and rain.

Mary Anderson sailed for Europe last week, accompanied by her step-father and brother. She will not act anywhere for the next year or two, but will devote the time to travel and enjoyment.

The $50,000 damage suit of Belle Boyd, the ex-Confederate spy, against the Chicago *Tribune*, has been dismissed. The *Tribune* said she had visited an interior town and left without paying her board bill.

The infant King of Spain enjoys the almost unique distinction of having been born a monarch. There is no other like instance in the history of Spain nor of England. In France there has been one such instance, in the case of John I., in 1316.

William Black, the yachting novelist, has taken the hint from "Rudder Grange" and has fitted up a canal boat for a summer residence, in which he intends to make a tour of England with his family. The adventures of this craft will be more strange even than those of the phaeton.

W. H. Gilder, a brother of the editor of the *Century*, is going to start out on an Arctic expedition this summer. He will take the track of Lieutenant Lockwood. Engineer Perry, of the United States Navy, will also make an attempt to cross Greenland in the direction of Francis Joseph Fjord.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

Government Revenue.

For the three-quarters of the present fiscal year ending March 30, the revenues of the government increased over $7,000,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, while the expenditures were $16,000,000 less, making a gain of $23,000,000.

The Living Eye.

The retina of the living eye has been photographed by two English operators. Owing to the non-actinic color of the retina, an exposure of twenty minutes by gaslight was required with an extra sensitive gelatine plate. Although small, the negative shows the bifurcation of the blood vessels, and also the edge of the blind spot.

A First-Class Cement.

From the Manufacturers' Gazette.

A first-class cement with which to fasten stone to stone, or iron to iron, is made by mixing a paste of pure oxide of lead, litharge and glycerine. This mixture hardens rapidly, is insoluble in acids, and is not affected by heat. It has been used to fasten the different portions of a fly-wheel with success, while, when placed between stones and once hardened, it is easier to break the stone than the joint.

Coating Iron.

The process of Dr. Gehring, Germany, by which iron is coated with aluminium, is now largely made use of. There is used for the purpose a Bunsen burner, with a blast or muffler. By this process it is possible to manufacture various articles of the durable metal for daily use, the coating of aluminium giving them a silver-white lustre. This metal does not oxidize under normal condition, stands heat of an ordinary fire, and is susceptible of a much higher polish.

Borax for Cholera.

Borax, as an anti-cholera specific, is recommended by an Italian physician, in doses of five or six grammes (about seventy-seven grains) a day. He believes that it destroys the microbes in the intestinal canal and even in the blood, and grounds his faith on the experience in seven contiguous borax factories in an Italian village during the terrible epidemic of 1864-5. The workmen in these establishments were quite free from the disease, which carried off a third of the inhabitants in and about the village.

The Cotton Crop.

From the Savannah News.

Few planters will adhere to the advised policy of reducing the acreage of the cotton crop this year. The indications are that notwithstanding the warnings that have been issued, a full crop has been planted, and that the production will be fully as great as if not greater than that of 1885. Of course it is impossible now to make an approximate estimate of the acreage that has been planted in cotton. If there are any planters, however, who have not yet fully made up their plans for pitching their crops, it would be well for them to consider the subject very carefully. The outlook for good prices next fall is not encouraging, and the planter that plants on speculation takes just as much risk as the operator who buys or sells futures. Every planter in the South may safely reduce his cotton acreage from 20 to 30 per cent., but he may partially compensate for the reduction by improved cultivation and early and careful harvesting of the crop,

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the well-known and valuable

CROSS CREEK WATER-POWER,

together with factory site, five tenement houses in fair order, 9 acres of land attached.

Included with the property is the "CLOCK POND," and 23 acres of land contiguous thereto.

This power will run about 75 looms with all the necessary machinery, and is a rare opportunity for a fine investment, being distant not more than one fourth of a mile from the business part of town.

☞ Terms liberal. Apply to

Evening *News* copy. J. R. LEE. june 3-tf

CALL AND SEE THE

AURORA WATCH,

WHICH HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED BY

1,500 WATCHMAKERS

TO BE

The Best Made FOR THE MONEY,

AND FOR WHICH WE ARE

SOLE AGENTS

AT

Prior's Jewelry Store.

jan 21 tf

Thrashing Machine

For SALE or TRADE.

Said machine is a WHEELER & MELLICK, large size, on truck. The undersigned will not have time to run it the coming season. Will sell for cash or note, or trade for a good, gentle CARRIAGE HORSE.

apl 22-tf WALTER WATSON.

THE GRAPE CURE.

Sal-Muscatelle IN AMERICA

WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!

The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state from grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.

Sal-Muscatelle A POSITIVE, NATURAL

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.

Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It applies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your home and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.

Prepared by the

LONDON SAL-MUSCATELLE CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Beware of imitations. The genuine in "blue wrappers only."

☞ Send for circulars to G. EVANOVITCH, General American Manager, P. O. Box 1968, New York City.

Mention this paper.

—AGENT—

B. E. SEDBERRY, Druggist, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

feb 4-1y

THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

OFFICE: North-east corner Market Square.

April 29, 1880. tf

A BARGAIN.

PAPERS BY THE HUNDRED FOR SALE at the office of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE at a low price. This will be found very cheap wrapping and waste paper for laying down carpets, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

—THE FINEST—

CRAB APPLE VINEGAR,

Guaranteed Pure.

Four Years Old,

At Headquarters.

GEO. A. THOMSON.

BILL OF FARE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:

Now that we are beating around for appetizing food,

HEADQUARTERS

would suggest,

For Breakfast:

Broiled Chipped Beef,
N. C. Roe Herring, Shore Mess Mackerel,
Spiced Pig Feet—nicely browned or fried in batter,
Prepared Cheese and Maccaroni,
Canned Corn Beef, and Irish Potatoes—baked or stewed,
Cream Cod Fish Balls,
Samps, Hominy, Oatmeal,
Fresh Creamery Butter or Pure Syrup lavishly applied to the "staff of life" gently floated on Blended Coffee,
Java, Laguira or Rio Coffee.

And for those who clerk in a grocery, dry goods or any other abominable store, and anxiously desire to put in 14 to 18 hours for a day, may have added

THE OLD, RELIABLE STANDBY,

Ham and Eggs.

LUNCHEON:

Anything you can get,

And you can get ANYTHING you want at

HEADQUARTERS.

Dinner:

A substitute for a half-grown chicken (right now) would be a large fat hen, recently raised from the brood. Prepare as time, not taste, would suggest.

A quick meal may in make-up be had from

Canned Lima Beans, Sugar Corn,
Marrowfat Peas, Succotash,
Tomatoes, Asparagus, Irish Potatoes,
Lettuce, Turnips, Peas,
And a most delicate strain on the imagination.

The Old, Reliable Ham may find a resting-place where so-called young mutton or tender beef would only adorn. Yea, Fulton Market Beef when cold, Poached Eggs, or Deviled Eggs, as time and taste may prescribe.

The superfluities called DESERT:

Positively no waste, if prepared from

Flour, Butter, Sugar, Eggs, Extracts, Jellies, Jams, Preserves, Fruits and Nuts sold at

HEADQUARTERS.

Supper,

(Signifying Tea)

Like a crazy quilt, will be quite as tasteful with

Boss Lunch Milk Biscuit,
Finely Chipped Beef, Canned Mackerel,
Spiced Salmon, Lunch Tongue,
Smoked Tongue, Clams, Oysters,
Potted and Deviled Meats, or

SARDINES,

Wilson's and Larrabee's Crystal Wafers and Soda Crackers,

Fresh Fancy Cakes and Crackers, gently coaxed down and soothingly bathed in Blended Tea or Tea as Green as Black can be.

—Add such—

Table Creamery Butter

as is sold at HEADQUARTERS,

and hesitate not to send for anything herein mentioned—or anything I have failed to mention—and you may rise up and call me. Bless'd if I don't send it to you.

Adieu until we meet at

HEADQUARTERS.

GEO. A. THOMSON,

Proprietor.

To-Day's Freight:

Horsford's Bread Preparation,
Rail Road Mills Snuff,
Oranges and Bananas,
Butter, Pickles and Nails.

GEO. A. THOMSON,

Headquarters.

may 20-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALTER WATSON,

RAY'S CORNER, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Notice! Notice! Notice!

—TO—

Carpenters, Bricklayers, Mill Wrights, Blacksmiths, Plasterers, Stonemasons, and Turpentine Operators:

A FULL LINE OF THE VERY BEST

TOOLS

—CAN BE FOUND AT THE—

HARDWARE STORE

—OF—

WALTER WATSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

EDGE TOOLS,

GUNS, RIFLES, &C., &C.

—AGENT FOR—

Laffin & Rand's Celebrated ORANGE and other brands of

Sporting Powder.

☞ Orders filled direct from magazine.

—AGENT FOR—

Fairbanks Scales,

At Factory Prices.

A FULL STOCK OF

ENGLISH CAST STEEL,
PLOW IRON AND STEEL,
TIRE BAND AND SHEET IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOES,
HORSE SHOE NAILS,
CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

I am still manufacturing

The Old-fashioned Wrought Plow.

☞ I am now to be found at Ray's corner, opposite my former store.

jan 21-tf WALTER WATSON.

The Red Springs Hotel

—IS NOW PREPARED—

TO ACCOMMODATE SUMMER VISITORS

THE HOTEL AND THE SPRINGS

are owned and controlled by one and the same company, and are located about 100 yards from the depot

In a Beautiful, Shaded Grove.

Guests stopping at The Springs Hotel enjoy all the advantages of the resort, with its WELL-SHADED GROUNDS, and every effort will be put forth to make their stay pleasant and homelike.

The Springs are distant about 75 yards from the Hotel and are reached by a pleasant walk, well-protected from the heat of the sun.

For terms, etc., apply to

MRS. WM. PRIOR.

june 3-1m pd Red Springs, N. C.

CHAS. GLOVER'S HOTEL

(Formerly Proprietor of the Fayetteville Hotel.)

Is situated on corner of Hay and Railroad streets

IN A DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT PORTION OF THE CITY,

and conveniently located for the traveling public.

The General Conduct of the House will be HOMELIKE.

Lunches, Meals, Hot Coffee and Tea Served on Arrival of Each Train.

dec 3-tf CHAS. GLOVER, Proprietor.

T. W. BROADFOOT & CO.

Successors to S. J. HINSDALE,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

PURE AND GENUINE

MEDICINES and CHEMICALS

PETROLEUM OIL AND LAMPS,

SPICES, FINE PERFUMERY,
TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,
WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS,
OILS AND VARNISHES, SOAPS,
POTASH, STARCH, DYE STUFFS,
CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

We have just received a SECOND SUPPLY of

LANDRETH'S New Crop Garden and Flower Seeds,

Always RELIABLE,

and are now ready to supply the demand with

Fertilizing Chemicals of all kinds.

feb 26-tf

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED has removed to the store in the Dobbin House building formerly occupied by Mr. J. G. Oehrl and more recently by Mr. Daniel Kelly, where he will be pleased to serve his old and new customers in all goods in his line.

may 13-tf W. J. MYROVER.

A. MOORE,

Market Square and Green St.,

DEALER IN

Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars,

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

June 18, 1885. 123-tf

A. GARRASON,

—DEALER IN—

HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES,

General Family Supplies,

HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

aug 12 131-tf

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THE ONLY INDESTRUCTIBLE MONUMENT MADE!

ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible

Over 500 Beautiful Designs.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.

Send for Price List & Circulars.

MANUFACTURED BY MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

J. B. STARR, Agent, Fayetteville, N. C.

dec 24-tf

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE NO. 14.

To take effect at 7:00 A. M., May 23, 1886.

TRAIN NORTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville,		8:40 a. m.
Shoe Heel,	9:50 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
Fayetteville,	12:05 m.	12:20 p. m.
Sanford,	2:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
Ore Hill,		2:50 p. m.
Liberty,		3:50 p. m.
Greensboro,	6:00 p. m.	4:45 p. m.

Dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro,		10:00 a. m.
Liberty,		11:15 a. m.
Ore Hill,		12:05 m.
Sanford,	1:20 p. m.	1:40 p. m.
Fayetteville,	3:50 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Shoe Heel,	5:50 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
Bennettsville,	7:15 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12:05 a. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 2:20 a. m. and Fayetteville at 5:45 a. m.

Leaves Fayetteville on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:15 p. m., Shoe Heel at 8 p. m. and arrives at Bennettsville at 10:15 p. m.

Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 7:30 a. m. (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh), leaves Sanford at 11:30 a. m. and arrives at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:40 p. m.

JNO. M. ROSE, General Passenger Agent.

W. M. S. DUNN, General Superintendent.

nov 26 tf

TOBACCO!

The Durham Bull Tobacco Fertilizer

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION!

It is excellent for plant beds, does not burn the young plant, and insures a quick start and vigorous growth. There is none superior to the old reliable

"STAR BRAND"

SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE.

It gives the plant a quick growth and silky texture, and causes it to yellow finely on the hill.

☞ All for sale by

A. E. RANKIN & CO.

Feb. 18. 4m

JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

Furniture Upholstered and Varnished.

ALWAYS on hand a full stock of Wooden, White Gloss and Metalic Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes all sizes and styles.

All orders filled promptly *night* or day.

☞ Hearse furnished in town or country

We are also prepared to furnish

TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,

in any style. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. McNEILL & SON, Fayetteville, N. C.

March 12, 1885. 109-tf

MERCHANT MILLS.

The Old Reliable Again to the Front!

IN STOCK and to arrive, all kinds of GRAIN. With a double set of Burrs I am able to turn out a large quantity of Meal per day and can thus offer special inducements to buyers of Ground Stuff.

Flouring Mill in first class order.

Feed Meal—corn, peas and oats—Cracked Corn and Oats, Bran, &c., a specialty.

Bolted Meal, same price as unbolted.

THE PLACE to get your Wool Carded or Cotton Ginned. JAS. D. McNEILL.

Fayetteville, May 28, 1885. 120-tf

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

NO HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.

Foutz's Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.

Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.

Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by H. R. HORNE, Fayetteville, N. C.

dec 24-1y

BURNED OUT!

But Ready for Business Again!

MY FRIENDS can find me opposite the Post-office. Roofing, Guttering, Roof Repairing and Painting done at short notice. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, and all kinds of Stoves repaired as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

jan 21-tf A. E. BRAMBLE.